...ov. 29, 1837. ...hunting is ...; I couldn't ...money they ...he gives me ...and the right ...are thick on ...ms here than ...Jemorrais are ...farmer—the ...ar the best m... ...out these sure ...General Jack... ...ate." ...If that Lady ...Wyatt are jew... ...the best horse ...mb has had the ...— ...the boy—little ...7.40. ...eds—this here ...wright sort of ...ke Dry Bones ...I thought after a ...hem got funny, ...great drinks to ...some went to ...was spiteful.— ...endyerit, of the ...band with Jen... ...fun was right. ...ow, I tell you.— ...ey say "Banks ...and subversive ...cod spilt by our ...picked up that ...Whetstone.

...ented himself to ...colloquy is said ...ory? ...u promise well in ...at the late prelim... ...to Angela's for... ...ter's settlement,' ...t of my settlement ...at my disposal!" ...cut short the con... ...ion—my daughter ...is worthy of his ...odies of the place ...the extensive ... ...high Constable, ...patency, and w... ...What there can be ...rder a blaze of gas, ...likely to consist in ...illumination at the ...lectors on the Con... ...devices. Whether ...ve the strongest ... ...ary elector to Wak... ...blazing element ...

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 5½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, as he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1831—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:32.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:05.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Trifle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:26. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:14. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000. $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected.

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:4—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 239, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.

W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $500, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.

Willis H. Bonie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.

George Elliott names b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.

John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Happy.

Blevins & Knibble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.

... b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.

John Connally names b. f. by Eclipse, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.

Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838. Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.

Willis H. Bonie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.

Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.

James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.

Blevins & Knibble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.

John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 25th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of ...nswick, and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.	
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.	
F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie,	3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna,	2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1
F. by Eclipse, out of Polly Peacham,	1
C. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	8 months.
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	8
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna,	8

Terms 12 months. [d23-2t] Petersburg, Dec. 15, 1837.

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Cyrus John, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to [illegible] Ironette. His sire and her sire were got by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

[illegible] out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, ... by Imp. Bare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

... foaled spring of 1831, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.— Price $500. Untried.

... foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.— Price $500.

... foaled spring of 1836 by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150. Untried.

B... ——, foaled spring of 1836 by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian ... (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent ... by Imp. Spread Eagle ... the Arabian mare sent at the same time to President Jefferson ... Price $...

Mary Pinnock, ... years old last August, by Magander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, ...) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, ... Mara by Imp. Punch.—Price $700.

... *Whitaker*, the twin getter, ... Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite ... produced twins ... cows—Price ...

D. M'ARTHUR.

... W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the ... [d2-3t]

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, ... between Maiden Lane and Liberty-street, invites ... Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found ... His attention to this branch of the business is ... in that line in this city. They ... and are recommended by gentlemen of ... several years, as the best arti... those who may be afflicted with con... superior ... Cork-soled boots of a very superior ... Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, ... He requires but one trial to convince ... and will give general sa... [s23-tf]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

... WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo... ... where it has stood the test of ex... ... veterinary surgeons, recommended all who ... promote ... the coat, ... more nutritive, prevents the ... a great restorative after a hard ... and require little trouble ... the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a ...

Agent for New-York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. ... corner of Hicks and Fulton streets, Brooklyn. [Au26]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME ... on the 18th of February, ... Feb., 1836. ... Great care ... directed, ... THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES ... and particular at... ... to foreign ports.

For One Year ...	$5 00
For Six Months ...	2 50
... in the paper, ...	$5 00
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... post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1838. VOL. VII. No. 47.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To J. S., who wrote us in relation to the mare advertised in our columns, we reply that we have communicated the substance of his letter to her owner. The success of a colt from the same stock on the Island last year caused some change in his views; but Mr. S. will learn the whole matter at an early day.

The Editors of the Western Visitor will accept our thanks for their prompt attention to our request of a number of their paper. We received both the copies forwarded. We are still more indebted for the encouraging and handsome notice they bestowed upon us, in their columns. No. 38 is on its march.

We were compelled, by the crowded state of our columns last week, to be brief in our notice of our new correspondent, Seebright. We value his communications most highly, and the *Panther Hunt* we hear spoken of with great commendation on all hands. Will he oblige us with further sketches from the same rich store of adventure, and in a similar style?

MIDNIGHT AT "MADAME T.'S."

He could judge little of the deep meaning of a very deep face, who, standing on Wednesday last in the lobby of Madame Tussaud's Rooms, Baker-street, Portman-square, saw nothing remarkable in the visage of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset, Manager of the Royal Sanguinary Theatre, as he slowly approached the serious money-taker. With a brooding air he placed his left hand in his pocket, and in a low sepulchral voice demanded—" How much ?"

" Nothing, Sir," said the money-taker; " as one of us, you know, you are on the free list."

" Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Gabriel Marmoset; " and so I am. I had forgotten. My poor head!" This simple incident to the thousands who delight in the personal acquaintance of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset, will prove beyond anything how deep that gentleman was sunk in meditation. He passed into the Rooms, and with vacant eye surveyed the wax images about him. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and the Rooms, according to the promise of Madame Tussaud, were "brilliantly illuminated." Almost unconscious of the presence of a throng of visitors, Mr. Gabriel Marmoset paced the floor, from time to time pausing before the effigy of some desperado, where, in the quotation tastefully adopted by Madame Tussaud, might be seen his

> "Eyes, nose, lip,
> The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
> *The pretty dimples of chin and cheek; his smiles,*
> The very mould and frame of hand, nail, and finger!"

" Humph!" communed Mr. Marmoset with himself, looking very covetously on the image of Dennis Collins; " humph! he's not copyright. Something must be done by Christmas. A gradual falling off of three sixpences per night—humph!"—Then Mr. Gabriel Marmoset seated himself, and thought down "hours to minutes," and thinking, fell asleep.

It deserves to be generally known, that with a proper regard to the health and morals of her visitors, Madame Tussaud closes her doors at ten o'clock. That hour was arrived, and the manager, unseen, unthought of, had been locked up still in deepest slumber, dreaming of mountains of half-price sixpences—dreaming that all the "leaves of Vallambrosa" were insufficient to the demand for nightly checks.

" Collins is not copyright—Hume's not copyright—none of 'em are copyright," murmured Marmoset in his sleep; " I can have 'em done, and show 'em at threepence." As the manager spoke thus in his slumber, the clock struck—twelve!

What was the astonishment of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset to find himself in the presence of living men and women! Yea, surrounded by the breathing, moving figures he had before looked upon as insensible matter! Field-marshal von Blucher stepped with heavy tread to Frederick William of Prussia—Francis of Austria kissed his fingers to the smiling Mary Queen of Scots—Napoleon, touching his hat, offered his box to Fieschi—the "infant son of Madame Tussaud, which," as she informs us, she had "the honor to model" expressly for the Duchess of York, called hastily for his " Mammy"—Daniel O'Connell exclaimed—

> " Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

General Washington whistled " Yankee Doodle," and Joseph Hume commenced upon his fingers a sum of compound fractions. Everybody suddenly did or said something. The whole company appeared as if they had been relieved from the irksome duty of remaining silent in one position all day, and were resolved to enjoy to its full extent their midnight holiday. *Ca ira* was sung from the "Chamber of Horrors," Dennis Collins inveighing against all outlandish gibberish, and calling lustily for "the college hornpipe." We have neither space nor leisure to particularize the conduct of every individual. All, however, seemed bent on enjoyment—on the *dolce farniente*; and none more so than all the cabinet ministers, past and present.

At first, Mr. Gabriel Marmoset was abashed at the high company amongst whom he found himself. He had never seen so many kings, save those he had paid on a Saturday: and though a morbid modesty was not the disease of the manager, he nevertheless required some minutes to raise his self-assurance. He was happily relieved by the observing condescension of Lord John Russell.

Lord John—What! as I think, Mr. ——

Marmoset—Marmoset, your Lordship, of the Royal Sanguinary Theatre. If your Lordship will do me the honor to recollect, I was distinguished by an interview with your Lordship on three great public questions—the Savoyards, white mice, and barrel-organs.

Lord John—I remember: you complained that they injured the interests of the legitimate drama.

Marmoset (sighing)—Ha! your Lordship; there's no standing against foreign artists and foreign music. The legitimate drama——

Lord John—By the way, Mr. Marmoset, will you do me a great favor?

Marmoset—Is it to get up *Don Carlos?* I am very sorry, but my leading tragedian is at present in Horsemonger lane, and——

Lord John—No, no; the favor I solicit is——

Marmoset—To dramatize the Reform Bill? It will be too long for a play; but if yourself or any of your friends can manage to reduce it to a farce, I——

Lord John—No, no; the favor I ask of the kindness and intelligence of Mr. Marmoset is this. Will he oblige me by defining what is generally understood by his profession to be a legitimate drama?

Marmoset (drawing himself up)—My Lord, that is a point on which I have spent more consideration than any man alive! Though I say it, my Lord, there is no manager, from a peculiarity of circumstances, so capable of affording you the required information. I have ransacked the whole globe for attraction; I may say it, I have gone as it were into Noah's ark for actors—I have executed what meaner men would die blushing to think of—and the result of my experience, after much thinking, is this: that that drama is to all intents and purposes the most legitimate—you understand me, my Lord—the most legitimate,—

Lord John—Very good.

Marmoset—That brings the most money! I have said it. That brings the most money, my Lord.

Joseph Hume (aside to Dennis Collins)—A very sensible man this. Who is he?

Dennis Collins (aside, in a confidential voice)—Hush! that's Marmyset, of the Sanguinary Theatre.

Joseph Hume—Are you sure?

Dennis Collins—Cock! 'cause he come to me in Reading gaol, and offered to buy my wooden leg for what he called a historical local drammy.

Joseph Hume—And didn't you sell it?

Dennis Collins—What do you take me for, Mr. Hume? 'cause I was in trouble, and going over the water myself, was that any reason I should disgrace my leg by sending it afore me?

Lord John—And pray, Mr. Marmoset—(at this moment several illustrious and infamous persons come up)—but allow me to introduce to your patronage Mr. Marmoset, of the Sanguinary Theatre. What brings him here, I was about to ask. Candor, I can tell you, is his great characteristic—a simple good creature, as full of truth as his own play-bills.

Marmoset—Oh! my Lord. The truth then is, I came here to—for among friends, business is not what it used to be—I came to look out for attraction—came to see my way: and to any man or men who can bring me one hundred and fifty pounds per night, I have not the slightest hesitation in offering five-and-forty shillings as a weekly salary.

Lord Byron—Ha! ha! Grey, do you want an engagement? (his Lordship shakes his head.)

Napoleon—Well—man! Always had a liking for the stage; would have made Racine a prince had he lived in my time—(grimly smiling). What do you offer *me?*

Marmoset—Really, General——

Napoleon—General!

Marmoset—I beg your pardon; but in the last piece you were always called General, and——

Napoleon—Last piece! eh—what?

Dennis Collins—I seed you myself in the sixpenny gallery; and more than that—hissed you like a true-born Englishman.

Marmoset—Quite true; we've had you at all ages.

Napoleon—Had *me!*

Marmoset—To prove it, if you have any fancy for the identical hat that you wore at Marengo, you can purchase it of Mr. Moses Ragby, who lent it at two-and-sixpence a night to Covent Garden.

Napoleon—Indeed!

Marmoset—Besides your real pocket-handkerchief from St. Helena, before the imperial crown was picked out of the corner.

Napoleon—And who—who has acted me?

Marmoset—Everybody. The fact is, you are a stock part, and now go with the heavy old man.

Napoleon—Bah!

Prince Talleyrand—Eh, Monsieur? dis donc—est-il possible que——

Marmoset—Beg your pardon, Sir, pray speak English, because the gentleman who translates for me isn't here.

Byron—Come, Marmoset, can you make no use of the Emperor?

Marmoset—Don't see, my Lord, how. By the way, my Lord, that *Sardanapalus* of your's is a pretty thing for the closet.

Byron—Did you ever meet with it there?

Marmoset—Never, my Lord; only as it failed upon the stage—that is, my Lord—I—the truth is, my Lord, it is always a point with gentlemen of my profession, when we find a piece not quite the thing for the boards, to praise it for the library.

Byron—Because then you are sure never to meet with it—eh?

Marmoset (pushing his fore finger in the stomach of Lord Byron)—You're a wag still, my Lord—'pon my life you are.

Byron—And you can do nothing with poor Napoleon?

Marmoset (aside)—Between ourselves, my Lord, the fleas have done for him.

Byron—Fleas! Worms you mean?

Marmoset—No, my Lord, no: since the showmen have mounted him on flea-back, he's become vulgar. He's a a drug even with the image-boys. I wouldn't hurt his feelings, but at the Royal Sanguinary Theatre I wouldn't let him carry a banner—that is, unless he changed his coat, and went on without a salary. I wish I could hit upon something to stir the town! Do, my Lord, help me to an idea.

Byron—What do you think of engaging the House of Commons?

Marmoset—To say the truth, that struck me; but some of the railway members ask such terms. You'd think senators were of the same consequence as singers—for they positively demand nearly as high salaries. If you could suggest something at once new and musical!

Byron—What! is cat-gut at a premium?

Marmoset—Nothing like music, my lord, in all its branches; last week three traders in German bullfinches started each a carriage: music! Penny whistles sell for twopence. Something musical now!

Daniel O'Connell—I have it: I'll make a speech for you.

Marmoset—Should be very happy indeed, Sir; but, you know, you've tried at every theatre but mine; and I—I can't afford it. If I could get a new effect with a striking character!

Brougham—Why not put Talleyrand in a pantomime?

Byron—Don't you hear, my Lord Vaux, that the manager wants something new?

Dennis Collins—What do you say to me, my old 'un?

Marmoset—Ha! Mr. Collins; if you had but taken my terms when the bloom of your reputation was upon you!

Dennis Collins—Tell you what, old fellow! D—n the shiners! Dennis never cared for 'em: to prove it, I'll do you what you like for twenty pounds a night, and throw you in the ornpipe for nothing.

Marmoset—Under other circumstances, Mr. Collins, I should have been delighted; but at present I can't clearly see my way. (Here the Manager sees Numbers Seventy Two and Seventy Three of the collection beckoning to him, and crosses over.) Ha! gentlemen, if your terms are moderate—if I can see my way with you——

Seventy Two—How much?

Seventy Three—And find our own sack?

Marmoset—Ha! my dear friends, if I had only had you a few years ago; but now, murder does not bring what it used to. I've played three assassinations and two forgeries this very season to less than my expenses.

Seventy Two—Naething's sae slippery as public taste, ye ken.

Seventy Three (visibly affected)—You'd hardly believe it, Mr. Marmoset, but naebody speers at *us* now!

Seventy Two (with a sigh)—They a' gang into the "Chamber o' Horrors!"

Marmoset (aside, glancing towards the "chamber")—Yes; that—that, indeed, would be a hit. He's the newest upon town; and as I believe he is no singer, his terms may be met.

John Kemble—Mr. Marmoset, are you in want of——

Marmoset—Nothing at all—nothing, my dear Sir, in your way. And yet, Mr. Kemble, if we could come to terms——

John Kemble—For a round of characters?

Marmoset—Not as actor, Mr. Kemble—not as actor; you were very well in your time—very well, indeed. But, ha! Mr. Kemble, if you could but write me another " Lodoiska!"

John Kemble—Am I to understand that you wish to retain me solely as author?

Marmoset—Solely; and if you will write me a quadruped piece—I have a whole menagerie at my disposal, besides a dancing-woman from the Chippewas, and very good hopes of a real mermaid.

John Kemble—Is there no public taste, Mr. Marmoset?

Marmoset—Plenty of it, Sir, if one can but be lucky enough to catch it. As a manager, I am bound to bait with everything. I had a tank made for a hippopotamus; the animal was caught, Sir—was coming over in robust health, but—I mention no names—early one morning watch, the creature was found dead. As I said, I mention no names; but I may be allowed to state this curious fact: the third mate of the ship was proved to be own cousin to a rival manager. The hippopotamus was flung into the sea. I accuse nobody, but would have given fifty pounds if that hippopotamus had been opened.

John Kemble—You hav'n't a play-bill about you, Mr. Marmoset?

Marmoset—There, Mr. Kemble—a little more red in the bills now, little bigger type, too, than we *can* recollect, eh?

John Kemble (reading the bill)—" Overflowing house!" What is that, Mr. Marmoset?

Marmoset—That is, Sir, when the gallery—as I am proud to say it frequently happens at my establishment—when the gallery runs into the boxes. In summer, I fill 'em as they filter water, by ascension.

John Kemble—Curious man! Pray explain yourself. Ascension!

Marmoset—You see, Mr. Kemble, I've a large ventilator in the roof. I fill my pit with paper, and then turn the paper into shillings. Marry, how? you will say. Listen:—When the pit is crammed full, and a thousand people more at the door—it sometimes happens—for *there* I give no orders,—that there's not a soul in the boxes; nice, cool, airy boxes, lined with real scarlet serge, Mr Kemble. The pit, thus crammed, with the ventilator open, is only moderately hot; upon this, I resolutely close my ventilator! The effect, Mr. Kemble, is magical! Half the pit have in five minutes the extra money in their hands for the boxes—a little door, generously constructed for the occasion, is flung hospitably open, and the boxes are filled, as I say, by "ascension." That I call an overflowing house, Mr. Kemble.

John Kemble—And what may you call " a brilliant audience?"

Marmoset—Almost the same thing: it's when I see glittering in the fingers of every person in the pit an extra shilling for the dress boxes.

John Kemble—I see you state that the house " continues to be crowded to suffocation!" Do you think that an inducement to others to be suffocated?

Marmoset—No doubt: I'd take upon myself to make an air-pump popular by exactly the same advertisement.

John Kemble—What do you consider " universal and enthusiastic shouts?"

Marmoset—When the applause is almost enough to drown the hisses.

John Kemble—And what the " most fashionable audience of the season?

Marmoset—When the hackney coaches in front of the theatre outnumber the cabs.

John Kemble—And do you think the town believes all this?

Marmoset—To speak out, Mr. Kemble, I don't think it does.

John Kemble—Then why, my dear Sir—why continue to print it?

Marmoset—That's very well—very well, indeed, of you: but when a manager has lied for years together, you can't think how impossible it is for him to speak the truth. Bless you! he wouldn't believe himself if he did. Can you suggest nothing, Mr. Kemble?

John Kemble—Here is something, lent to me last night by my neighbor here, " Seventy Two."

Marmoset—Ha! It looks like a MS. Eh? What? "The Terrific Tapeworm," a domestic drama of peculiar interest, by Doctor M——n!

Seventy Two—He came here yestreen, and while he was feeling the knobs on my skull, I dips my hand into his pocket!

Marmoset—And here are parts and all copied out. Gentlemen—friends—will you go through the piece? " The Terrific Tapeworm!" The name's enough. Gentlemen, allow me to cast the drama. (Distributing the parts.)

Dennis Collins—I say, messmate—(about to return the part)—this here's no use to me; I can't read.

Marmoset—My dear Sir, in the present state of things that's not of the slightest consequence. Now, gentlemen, "The Terrific Tapeworm!" There must be something in such a title. Now, gentlemen: Scene first—Enter——

* * * * * * *

In three seconds after this Mr. Marmoset awoke; but—and the phenomenon has been satisfactorily accounted for in the philosophy of dreams—in that space of time the whole domestic drama was perfectly represented, the gentlemen " having kindly undertaken their several parts at the shortest notice."

Happily, Mr. Marmoset retains a vivid recollection of every syllable of the piece; but, too distrustful of himself, has retained us to look to the minute points of orthography, and to soften the severity of his punctuation.

The drama itself he has not yet dictated to us, but, with a fine sense of gratitude, he has already sent the following dedication of its forthcoming pages to the printer:—

> "To Madame Tussaud,
> who,
> With an enlarged Humanity,
> Takes for her Models
> The best and basest of mankind;
> and who,
> Unreservedly mingling them together,
> Extracts from the whole
> The good that all Men seek,
> This Drama
> Is gratefully dedicated."

Thus much for the dedication. And though we are not able at the present moment to lay the drama before the reader, we are happy to state that we can afford him some matter for reasonable speculation on its deep character and diversified interest in the following address of thanks to the actors employed, seasoned with criticisms on their various talents and imperfections. The manager (who without any compunction puts himself in the place of author) says—

" How difficult is it to particularize where almost all alike demand our thanks! How hard the task to vary eulogy where nearly everybody is to be praised! Never, never since Thespis begged grease for his cart-wheel has author been so bowed with obligation. Turn my thoughts where they will they meet a creditor. Let me, however—hard as may be the task, imperfect as may be my words—strive at least to stammer my gratitude!

" To his Grace the Duke of Wellington I can never sufficiently express my thanks: first, for the condescension he displayed in accepting a part so manifestly below his genius; and next, for the importance he gave to it. The part was a part of lines; but how great his Grace was in the lines!

" Napoleon was, perhaps, never so much at home as in his low comedy with Fieschi. All his bye-play showed him to be a perfect master of his art. The playful manner in which he pulled Voltaire by the nose must form one of the most enduring and delightful recollections of all who beheld it. Truly does Madame T., in her historical and eloquent catalogue, say of him, 'Unlike his person, *which was small*, his mind was *that* of a giant!' If this gentleman would but cultivate his singing, he would be a very great acquisition to opera; for though his organs are weak, they are extremely mellifluous. He has, unfortunately, great diffidence in making use of them.

" To Sir Francis Burdett, for having undertaken at a very short notice a part so infinitely below him, I ought to pay volumes of acknowledgment. The part was a very trifling one—but how much can the baronet make of a little!

" Oliver Cromwell, as the frank, light-hearted lover, exhibited the tender passion, even to the married, in the most favorable view; whilst his scene at the tavern displayed all that buoyancy of heart, that generosity of spirit, and delicacy of sentiment, hitherto considered by the superficial as incompatible with extreme drunkenness. The illusion was perfect: to hear him drop his words was to listen to the wine running from the bottle. It is plain that nature intended him to play the very highest comedy.

" To Mr. J. P. Kemble, for the undisguised manner in which, throughout the play, he exhibited his skull, I beg to return my sincere thanks. He, I know, will think the exhibition of an entire skull but a small matter to obtain praise; but I who, unhappily, know how very few actors can, for a whole night, be induced to show the least part of one, am happy to express to him my enlarged sense of obligation.

" Lord Byron, from his excessive timidity, prevented the display of what I will venture to predict to be a very respectable talent. If he would but borrow a little of the wild jollity of William Penn, he would give a flavor to his otherwise too quiet humor.

" Sir Walter Scott only wants encouragement to become really a tolerable favorite. He delivered a message in a manner that almost surprised me. It is charming to watch the early development of talent. With great study, great time, and some luck, Sir Walter may become a very useful person in general utility.

" Mr. Washington, as a rebel drummer, elicited scintillations of lambent humor. It is sometimes difficult to judge of young beginners; but I think Mr. Washington will do.

" If Prince Talleyrand were not so nervous, I should have high hopes of him. I much fear, however, that *mauvaise honte* will utterly blast his prospects in life.

" Mr. Joseph Hume played his part to perfection. His address to a milk-score showed the artist.

" I regret I cannot praise Lord Nelson. There is not one particle of salt in his sailors: they are all landsmen, with frogs in their throats. In low comedy he might stand a chance.

" There are other gentlemen (Seventy-two and Seventy-three)—whose names, out of respect to their extreme modesty, I suppress—to whom I am bound in everlasting gratitude. Every machination was employed to deprive me of the services of those gentlemen; but they magnanimously spurned every offer in favor of the highest bidder.

" To another gentleman, a distinguished inhabitant of the 'Chamber of Horrors,' I am especially indebted. Every manager was on tiptoe to receive him; but he had given his word—and he could give no more.

" To the 'talented' Madame Tussaud, and her no less 'talented' sons, for their extraordinary and unusual courtesy in not 'suspending the free list,' in consequence of 'the great attraction' of the last comer (number three) in the 'Chamber of Horrors.'

" In fine, to everybody concerned or not concerned in the representation of *The Terrific Tapeworm*, I beg to express the highest, the deepest, the broadest, and the largest sense of my esteem and my respect.

"G. M."

" *Bowl and Dagger Cottage.*

We look with inexpressible anxiety for the MS. itself; as it is evident from the above that the drama contains an extraordinary variety of parts, we are impatient to enjoy the happy art of the writer who has so cunningly introduced them, and bound them in one common interest by the peculiar originality of his fable.

London New Monthly Mag. for Nov.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

CONTAINING SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE DOUBLE KNOCK, AND OTHER MATTERS, AMONG WHICH CERTAIN INTERESTING DISCLOSURES RELATIVE TO MR. SNODGRASS AND A YOUNG LADY ARE BY NO MEANS IRRELEVANT TO THIS HISTORY.

The object that presented itself to the eyes of the astonished clerk was a boy—a wonderfully fat boy—habited as a serving lad, standing upright on the mat, with his eyes closed as if in sleep. He had never seen such a fat boy in or out of a travelling caravan; and this, coupled with the utter calmness and repose of his appearance, so very different from what was reasonably to have been expected of the inflicter of such knocks, smote him with wonder.

"What's the matter?" enquired the clerk.

The extraordinary boy replied not a word, but he nodded once, and seemed, to the clerk's imagination, to snore feebly.

"Where do you come from?" enquired the clerk.

The boy made no sign. He breathed heavily, but in all other respects was motionless.

The clerk repeated the question thrice, and receiving no answer, prepared to shut the door, when the boy suddenly opened his eyes, winked several times, sneezed once, and raised his hand as if to repeat the knocking. Finding the door open he stared about him with great astonishment, and at length fixed his eyes on Mr. Lowten's face.

"What the devil do you knock in that way for?" enquired the clerk, angrily.

"What way?" said the boy in a slow, sleepy voice.

"Why, like forty hackney coachmen," replied the clerk.

"Because master said I wasn't to leave off knocking till they opened the door, for fear I should go to sleep," said the boy.

"Well," said the clerk, "what message have you brought?"

"He's down stairs," rejoined the boy.

"Who?"

"Master. He wants to know if you're at home?"

Mr. Lowten bethought himself at this juncture of looking out of the window. Seeing an open carriage with a hearty old gentleman in it, looking up very anxiously, he ventured to beckon him, on which the old gentleman jumped out directly.

"That's your master in the carriage, I suppose?" said Lowten.

The boy nodded.

All further inquiries were superseded by the appearance of old Wardle, who, running up stairs and just recognising Lowten, passed at once into Mr. Perker's room.

"Pickwick!" said the old gentleman, "your hand, my boy; why have I never heard till the day before yesterday of your suffering yourself to be cooped up in jail? and why did you let him do it, Perker?"

"I could'nt help it, my dear Sir," replied Perker, with a smile and a pinch of snuff, "you know how obstinate he is."

"Of course I do, of course I do," replied the old gentleman, "I am heartily glad to see him, notwithstanding. I will not lose sight of him again in a hurry."

With these words, Wardle shook Mr. Pickwick's hand once more, and, having done the same to Perker, threw himself into an arm-chair, his jolly red face shining again with smiles and health.

"Well," said Wardle, "here are pretty goings on—a pinch of your snuff, Perker, my boy—never were such times, eh!"

"What do you mean?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Mean!" replied Wardle, "why, I think the girls are all running mad; that's no news, you'll say? perhaps it's not, but it's true for all that."

"You have not come up to London, of all places in the world, to tell us *that*, my dear Sir, have you?" enquired Perker.

"No, not altogether," replied Wardle; "though it was the main cause of my coming. How's Arabella?"

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, "and will be delighted to see you, I am sure."

"Black-eyed little jilt!" replied Wardle. "I had a great idea of marrying her myself, one of these odd days. But I am glad of it too, very glad."

"How did the intelligence reach you?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, it came to my girls, of course," replied Wardle. "Arabella wrote the day before yesterday to say she had made a stolen match without her husband's father's consent, and so you had gone down to get it when his refusing it couldn't prevent the match, and all the rest of it. I thought it a very good time to say something serious to my girls, so I said what a dreadful thing it was that children should marry without their parents' consent, and so forth; but, bless your hearts, I couldn't make the least impression upon them. They thought it such a much more dreadful thing that there should have been a wedding without bridesmaids, that I might as well have preached to Joe himself.

Here the old gentleman stopped to laugh; and having done so, to his heart's content, presently resumed.

"But this is not the best of it, it seems. This is only half the love-making and plotting that have been going forward. We have been walking on mines for the last six months, and they're sprung at last."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, turning pale; "no other secret marriage, I hope?"

"No, no," replied old Wardle; "not so bad as that—no."

"What then?" enquired Mr. Pickwick; "am I interested in it?"

"Shall I answer that question, Perker?" said Wardle.

"If you dont commit yourself by doing so, my dear Sir."

"Well then, you are," said Wardle.

"How?" asked Mr. Pickwick anxiously. "In what way?"

"Really," replied Wardle, "you're such a fiery sort of young fellow that I am almost afraid to tell you; but, however, if Perker will sit between us to prevent mischief, I'll venture."

Having closed the room-door, and fortified himself with another application to Perker's snuff-box, the old gentleman proceeded with his great disclosure in these words.

"The fact is, that my daughter Bella—Bella, that married young Trundle, you know."

"Yes, yes, we know," said Mr. Pickwick impatiently.

"Don't alarm me at the very beginning. My daughter Bella, Emily having gone to bed with a headach after she had read Arabella's letter to me, set herself down by my side the other evening, and began to talk over this marriage affair. 'Well pa,' she says, 'what do you think of it?' 'Why, my dear,' I said, 'I suppose it's all very well; I hope it's for the best.' I answered in this way because I was sitting before the fire at the time, drinking my grog thoughtfully, and I knew my throwing in an undecided word now and then, would induce her to continue talking. Both my girls are pictures of their dear mother, and as I grow old I like to sit with only them by me; for their voices and looks carry me back to the happiest period of my life, and make me for the moment as young as I used to be then, though not quite so light-hearted. 'It's quite a marriage of affection, pa,' said Bella, after a short silence. 'Yes, my dear,' said I, 'but such marriages do not always turn out the happiest.'"

"I question that, mind," interposed Mr. Pickwick warmly.

"Very good," responded Wardle, "question anything you like when it's your turn to speak, but don't interrupt me."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Granted," replied Wardle. "'I am sorry to hear you express your opinion against marriages of affection, pa,' said Bella, colouring a little. 'I was wrong; I ought not to have said so, dear, either,' said I, patting her cheek as kindly as a rough old fellow like me could pat it, 'for your mother's was one, and so was yours.' 'It's not that I meant, pa,' said Bella. 'The fact is, pa, I wanted to speak to you about Emily.'"

Mr. Pickwick started.

"What's the matter now?" enquired Wardle, stopping in his narrative.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Pray go on."

"I never could spin out a story," said Wardle abruptly. "It must come out sooner or later, and it'll save us all a great deal of time if it comes at once. The long and the short of it is, then, that Bella at last mustered courage to tell me that Emily was very unhappy; that she and your young friend Snodgrass had been in constant correspondence and communication ever since last Christmas; that she had very dutifully made up her mind to run away with him, in laudable imitation of her old friend and schoolfellow; but that having some compunctions of consience on the subject, inasmuch as I had always been rather kindly disposed to both of them, they had thought it better in the first instance to pay me the compliment of asking whether I would have any objection to their being married in the usual matter-of-fact manner. There now, Mr Pickwick, if you can make it convenient to reduce your eyes to their usual size again, and to let me hear what you think we ought to do, I shall feel rather obliged to you."

The testy manner in which the hearty old gentleman uttered this last sentence was not wholly unwarranted; for Mr. Pickwick's face had settled down into an expression of blank amazement and perplexity quite curious to behold.

"Snodgrass!—since last Christmas!" were the first broken words that issued from the lips of the confused gentleman.

"Since last Christmas," replied Wardle; "that's plain enough, and very bad spectacles we must have worn, not to have discovered it before."

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Pickwick, ruminating; "I really cannot understand it."

"It's easy enough to understand," replied the choleric old gentleman. "If you had been a younger man, you would have been in the secret long ago; and besides," added Wardle after a moment's hesitation, "the truth is, that, knowing nothing of the matter, I have rather pressed Emily for four or five months past to receive favourably (if she could; I would never attempt to force a girl's inclinations) the addresses of a young gentleman down in our neighbourhood. I have no doubt that, girl-like, to enhance her own value and increase the ardour of Mr. Snodgrass, she has represented this matter in very glowing colours, and that they have both arrived at the conclusion that they are a terribly persecuted pair of unfortunates, and have no resource but clandestine matrimony or charcoal. Now the question is, what's to be done?"

"What have *you* done?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"I!"

"I mean what did you do when your married daughter told you this?"

"Oh, I made a fool of myself of course," rejoined Wardle.

"Just so," interposed Perker, who had accompanied this dialogue with sundry twitchings of his watch-chain, vindictive rubbings of his nose, and other symptoms of impatience. "That's very natural; but how?"

"I went into a great passion and frightened my mother into a fit," said Wardle.

"That was judicious," remarked Perker; "and what else, my dear Sir?"

"I fretted and fumed all next day, and raised a great disturbance," rejoined the old gentleman. At last I got tired of rendering myself unpleasant and making everybody miserable; so I hired a carriage at Muggleton, and, putting my own horses in it, came up to town, under pretence of bringing Emily to see Arabella."

"Miss Wardle is with you, then?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"To be sure she is," replied Wardle. "She is at Osborne's hotel in the Adelphi at this moment, unless your enterprising friend has run away with her since I came out this morning."

"You are reconciled, then?" said Perker.

"Not a bit of it," answered Wardle; "she has been crying and moping ever since, except last night, between tea and supper, when she made a great parade of writing a letter, that I pretended to take no notice of."

"You want my advice in this matter, I suppose?" said Perker, looking from the musing face of Mr. Pickwick to the eager countenance of Wardle, and taking several consecutive pinches of his favourite stimulant.

"I suppose so," said Wardle, looking at Mr. Pickwick.

"Certainly," replied that gentleman.

"Well then," said Perker, rising and pushing his chair back, "my advice is, that you both walk away together, or ride away, or get away by some means or other, for I'm tired of you, and just talk this matter over between you. If you have not settled it by the next time I see you, I'll tell you what to do."

"This is satisfactory," said Wardle, hardly knowing whether to smile or be offended.

"Pooh, pooh, my dear Sir," returned Perker, "I know you both a great deal better than you know yourselves. You have settled it already, to all intents, and purposes."

Thus expressing himself, the little gentleman poked his snuff box, first into the chest of Mr. Pickwick, and then into the waistcoat of Mr. Wardle, upon which they all three laughed, but especially the two last-named gentlemen, who at once shook hands again, without any obvious or particular reason.

"You dine with me to day," said Wardle to Perker, as he showed them out.

"Can't promise, my dear Sir, can't promise," replied Perker. "I'll look in, in the evening, at all events."

"I shall expect you at five," said Wardle. "Now, Joe!" and Joe having been at length awakened, the two friends departed in Mr. Wardle's carriage, which in common humanity had a dickey behind the fat boy, who, if there had been a foot-board instead, would have rolled off and killed himself in his very first nap.

Driving to the George and Vulture, they found that Arabella and her maid had sent for a hackney-coach immediately on the receipt of a short note from Emily announcing her arrival in town, and had proceeded straight to the Adelphi. As Wardle had business to transact in the city, they sent the carriage and the fat boy to the hotel, with the information that he and Mr. Pickwick would return together to dinner at five o'clock.

Charged with this message, the fat boy returned, slumbering as peaceably in his dickey over the stones as if it had been a down bed on watch-springs. By some extraordinary miracle he awoke of his own accord, when the coach stopped and giving himself a good shake to stir up his faculties, went up stairs to execute his commission.

Now, whether the shake had jumbled the fat boy's faculties together instead of arranging them in proper order, or had roused such a quantity of new ideas within him as to render him oblivious of ordinary forms and ceremonies, or (which is also possible) had proved unsuccessful in preventing his falling asleep as he ascended the stairs, it is an undoubted fact that he walked into the sitting room without previously knocking at the door, and so beheld a gentleman with his arms clasping his young mistress's waist, sitting very lovingly by her side on a sofa, while Arabella and her pretty handmaid feigned to be absorbed in looking out of a window at the other end of the room. At sight of which phenomenon the fat boy uttered an interjection, the ladies a scream, and the gentleman an oath, almost simultaneously.

"Wretched creature, what do you want here?" said the gentleman, who it is needless to say was Mr. Snodgrass.

To this the fat boy, considerably terrified, briefly responded, "Missis."

"What do you want me for?" enquired Emily, turning her head aside, "you stupid creature."

"Master and Mr. Pickwick is a going to dine here at five," replied the fat boy.

"Leave the room," said Mr. Snodgrass, glaring upon the bewildered youth.

"No, no, no," added Emily hastily. "Bella, dear, advise me."

Upon this, Emily and Mr. Snodgrass, and Arabella and Mary, crowded into a corner and conversed earnestly in whispers for some minutes, during which the fat boy dozed.

"Joe," said Arabella, at length, looking round with a most bewitching smile, "how do you do, Joe?"

"Joe," said Emily, "you're a very good boy; I won't forget you, Joe."

"Joe," said Mr. Snodgrass, advancing to the astonished youth, and seizing his hand, "I didn't know you before. There's five shillings for you, Joe."

"I'll owe you five, Joe," said Arabella, "for old acquaintance sake, you know," and another most captivating smile was bestowed upon the corpulent intruder.

The fat boy's perception being slow, he looked rather puzzled at first to account for this sudden prepossession in his favour, and stared about him in a very alarming manner. At length his broad face began to show symptoms of a grin of proportionally broad dimensions, and then thrusting half a crown into each of his pockets, and a hand and wrist after it, he burst into a horse laugh: being for the first and only time in his existence.

"He understands us, I see," said Arabella,

"He had better have something to eat immediately," remarked Emily.

The fat boy almost laughed again when he heard this suggestion. Mary, after a little more whispering, tripped forth from the group, and said,—

"I am going to dine with you to-day, Sir, if you have no objection."

"This way," said the fat boy, eagerly. "There is such a jolly meat pie!"

With these words the fat boy led the way down stairs, his pretty companion captivating all the waiters and angering all the chamber-maids as she followed him to the eating room.

There was the meat pie of which the youth had spoken so feelingly; and there were, moreover, a steak and a dish of potatoes, and a pot of porter.

"Sit down," said the fat boy. "Oh, my eye, how prime! I am *so* hungry."

Having apostrophized his eye in a species of rapture five or six times, the youth took the head of the little table, and Mary set herself at the bottom.

"Will you have some of this?" said the fat boy, plunging into the pie up to the very ferules of the knife and fork.

"A little, if you please," replied Mary.

The fat boy assisted Mary to a little, and himself to a great deal, and was just going to begin eating when he suddenly laid down his knife and fork, leant forward in his chair, and letting his hands, with the knife and fork in them, fall on his knees, said, very slowly,

"I say, how nice you look!"

This was said in an admiring manner, and was, so far, gratifying; but still there was enough of the cannibal in the young gentleman's eyes to render the compliment a doubtful one.

"Dear me, Joseph, said Mary, affecting to blush, "what do you mean?"

The fat boy, gradually recovering his former position, replied with a heavy sigh and remaining thoughtful for a few moments, drank a long draught of the porter. Having achieved this feat he sighed again, and applied himself assiduously to the pie.

"What a nice young lady Miss Emily is!," said Mary, after a long silence.

The fat boy had by this time finished the pie. He fixed his eyes on Mary, and replied—

"I knows a nicerer."

"Indeed!" said Mary.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the fat boy, with unwonted vivacity.

"What's her name?" enquired Mary.

"What's yours?"

"Mary."

"So's hers," said the fat boy. "You're her." The boy grinned to add point to the compliment, and put his eyes into something between a squint and a cast, which there is reason to believe he intended for an ogle.

"You mustn't talk to me in that way," said Mary; "you don't mean it."

"Don't I though?" replied the fat boy; "I say—"

"Well."

"Are you going to come here regular?"

"No," rejoined Mary, shaking her head, "I'm going away again to-night. Why?"

"Oh!" said the fat boy, in a tone of strong feeling; "how we should have enjoyed ourselves at meals, if you had been!"

"I might come here sometimes perhaps, to see you," said Mary, plaiting the table cloth in assumed coyness, "if you would do me a favour."

The fat boy looked from the pie dish to the steak, as if he thought a favour must be in a manner connected with something to eat; and then took out one of the half-crowns and glanced at it nervously.

"Don't you understand me?" said Mary, looking slyly in his fat face.

Again he looked at the half-crown, and said faintly, "No."

"The ladies want you not to say anything to the old gentleman about the young gentleman having been up stairs; and I want you too."

"Is that all?" said the fat boy, evidently very much relieved as he pocketed the half-crown again. "Of course I ain't a going to."

"You see," said Mary, "Mr. Snodgrass is very fond of Miss Emily, and Miss Emily's very fond of him, and if you were to tell about it, the old gentleman would carry you all away miles into the country, where you'd see nobody."

"No, no, I won't tell," said the fat boy, stoutly.

"That's a dear," said Mary. "Now it's time I went up stairs, and got my lady ready for dinner."

"Don't go yet, urged the fat boy.

"I must," replied Mary. "Good bye, for the present.

The fat boy, with elephantine playfulness, stretched out his arms to ravish a kiss; but as it required no great agility to elude him, his fair enslaver had vanished before he closed them again; upon which the apathetic youth ate a pound or so of steak with a sentimental countenance, and fell fast asleep.

There was so much to say up stairs, and there were so many plans to concert for elopement and matrimony in the event of old Wardle continuing to be cruel, that it wanted only half an hour to dinner when Mr. Snodgrass took his final adieu. The ladies ran to Emily's bedroom to dress, and the lover, taking up his hat, walked out of the room. He had scarcely got outside the door, when he heard Wardle's voice talking loudly; and looking over the bannisters, beheld him, followed by some other gentlemen, coming straight up stairs. Knowing nothing of the house, Mr. Snodgrass in his confusion stepped hastily back into the room he had just quitted, and passing from thence into an inner apartment (Mr. Wardle's bedchamber), closed the door softly, just as the persons he had caught a glimpse of, entered the sitting room. These were Mr. Wardle, and Mr. Pickwick; Mr. Nathaniel Winkle and Mr. Benjamin Allen, whom he had no difficulty in recognising by their voices.

"Very lucky I had the presence of mind to avoid them," thought Mr. Snodgrass with a smile, and walking on tiptoe to another door near the bedside, "this opens into the same passage, and I can walk quietly and comfortably away."

There was only one obstacle to his walking quietly and comfortably away, which was, that the door was locked and the key gone.

"Let us have some of your best wine to-day, waiter," said old Wardle, rubbing his hands.

"You shall have some of the very best, Sir," replied the waiter

"Let the ladies know we have come in."

"Yes, Sir."

Devoutly and ardently did Mr. Snodgrass wish that the ladies could know *he* had come in. He ventured once to whisper "Waiter!" through the keyhole, but the probability of the wrong waiter coming to his relief flashing upon his mind, together with a sense of the strong resemblance between his own situation and that in which another gentleman had been recently found in a neighbouring hotel (an account of whose misfortunes had appeared under the head of "Police" in that morning's paper), he set himself down upon a portmanteau, and trembled violently.

"We won't wait a minute for Perker," said Wardle, looking at his watch; "he is always exact. He will be here in time if he means to come; and if he does not, it's of no use waiting. Ha! Arabella."

"My sister!" exclaimed Mr. Benjamin Allen, folding her in a most romantic embrace.

"Oh, Ben, dear, how you do smell of tobacco," said Arabella, rather overcome by this mark of affection.

"Do I?" said Mr. Benjamin Allen. "Do I, Bella? Well, perhaps I do."

Perhaps he did, having just left a pleasant little smoking party of twelve medical students in a small back parlour with a large fire.

"But I am delighted to see you," said Mr. Ben Allen. "Bless you, Bella."

"There," said Arabella, bending forward to kiss her brother; "don't take hold of me again, Ben dear, because you tumble me so."

At this point of the reconciliation, Mr. Ben Allen allowed his feelings and the cigars and porter to overcome him; and looked round upon the beholders with damp spectacles.

"Is nothing to be said to me?" cried Wardle, with open arms.

"A great deal," whispered Arabella, as she received the old gentleman's hearty caress and congratulation. "You are a hard-hearted, unfeeling, cruel, monster!"

"You are a little rebel," replied Wardle, in the same tone; "and I am afraid I shall be obliged to forbid you the house. People like you, who get married in spite of everybody, ought not to be let loose on society. But come," added the old gentleman aloud, "Here's the dinner; you shall sit by me. Joe; why, damn the boy, he's awake!"

To the great distress of his master, the fat boy was indeed in a state of remarkable vigilance, his eyes being wide open, and looking as if they intended to remain so. There was an alacrity in his manner too which was equally unaccountable; every time his eye met those of Emily or Arabella, he smirked and grinned; and once Wardle could have sworn he saw him wink.

This alteration in the fat boy's demeanour originated in his increased sense of his own importance, and the dignity he acquired from having been taken into the confidence of the young ladies; and the smirks and grins, and winks, were so many condescending assurances that they might depend upon his fidelity. As these tokens were rather calculated to awaken suspicion than allay it, and were somewhat embarrassing besides, they were occasionally answered by a frown or shake of the head from Arabella, which the fat boy considering as hints to be on his guard, expressed his perfect understanding of, by smirking, grinning, and winking, with redoubled assiduity.

"Joe," said Mr. Wardle, after an unsuccessful search in all his pockets, "is my snuff-box on the sofa?"

"No, Sir," replied the fat boy.

"Oh, I recollect; I left it on my dressing table this morning," said Wardle. "Run into the next room and fetch it."

The fat boy went into the next room, and having been absent about a minute, returned with the snuff box and the palest face that ever a fat boy wore.

"What's the matter with the boy!" exclaimed Wardle.

"Nothen's the matter with me," replied Joe, nervously.

"Have you been seeing any spirits?" enquired the old gentleman.

"Or taking any?" added Ben Allen.

"I think you're right," whispered Wardle across the table. "He is intoxicated, I'm sure."

Ben Allen replied that he thought he was; and as that gentleman had seen a vast deal of the disease in question, Wardle was confirmed in an impression which had been hovering about his mind for half an hour, and at once arrived at the conclusion that the fat boy was very drunk.

"Just keep your eye upon him for a few minutes," murmured Wardle. "We shall soon find out whether he is or not."

The unfortunate youth had only interchanged a dozen words with Mr. Snodgrass, that gentleman having implored him to make a private appeal to some friend to release him, and then pushed him out with the snuff box, lest his prolonged absence should lead to a discovery. He ruminated a little with a most disturbed expression of face, and left the room in search of Mary.

But Mary had gone home after dressing her mistress, and the fat boy came back again, more disturbed than before.

Wardle and Mr. Ben Allen exchanged glances.

"Joe," said Wardle.

"Yes, sir."

"What did you go away for?"

The fat boy looked hopelessly in the face of everybody at table, and stammered out that he didn't know.

"Oh," said Wardle, "you don't know, eh? Take this cheese to Mr. Pickwick."

Now, Mr. Pickwick being in the very best health and spirits, had been making himself perfectly delightful all dinner-time, and was at this moment engaged in an energetic conversation with Emily and Mr. Winkle; bowing his head courteously in the emphasis of his discourse, gently waving his left hand to lend force to his observations, and all glowing with placid smiles. He took a piece of cheese from the plate, and was upon the point of turning round to renew the conversation, when the fat boy, stooping so as to bring his head on a level with that of Mr. Pickwick, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder and made the most horrible and hideous face that was ever seen out of a pantomime.

"Dear me!" said Mr Pickwick, starting, "what a very—eh!" He stopped, for the fat boy had drawn himself up, and was, or pretended to be, fast asleep.

"What's the matter?" enquired Wardle.

"This is such an extremely singular lad of yours," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking steadily at the boy. "It seems an odd thing to say, but, upon my word I am afraid that at times he is a little deranged."

"Oh! Mr. Pickwick, pray don't say so," cried Emily and Arrabella, both a once.

"I am not certain, of course," said Mr. Pickwick, amidst profound silence and looks of general dismay; "but his manner to me this moment was really very alarming. Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, suddenly jumping up with a short scream. "I beg your pardon, ladies, but at that moment he ran some sharp instrument into my leg. Really he is not safe."

"He's drunk," roared old Wardle, passionately. "Ring the bell, call the waiters! he's drunk."

"I ain't," said the fat boy, falling on his knees as his master seized him by the collar. "I ain't drunk."

"Then you're mad—that's worse. Call the waiters," said the old gentleman.

"I ain't mad; I'm sensible," rejoined the fat boy, beginning to cry.

"Then what the devil did you run sharp instruments into Mr. Pickwick's legs for?" enquired Wardle, angrily.

"He wouldn't look at me," replied the boy "I wanted to speak to him."

"What did you want to say?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

The fat boy gasped, looked at the bedroom door, gasped again, and wiped two tears away with the knuckle of each of his fore-fingers.

"What did you want to say?" demanded Wardle, shaking him.

"Stop," said Mr. Pickwick; "allow me. What did you wish to communicate to me, my boy?"

"I want to whisper to you," replied the fat boy.

"You want to bite his ear off, I suppose," said Wardle. "Don't come near him, he's vicious; ring the bell, and let him be taken down stairs."

Just as Mr. Winkle caught the bell-rope in his hand, it was arrested by a general expression of astonishment; the captive lover, his face burning with confusion, suddenly walked in from the bedroom, and made a comprehensive bow to the company.

"Hallo!" cried Wardle, releasing the fat boy's collar, and staggering back, "What's this!"

"I have been concealed in the next room, Sir, since you returned," explained Mr. Snodgrass.

"Emily, my girl," said Wardle, reproachfully, "I detest meanness and deceit; this is unjustifiable and indelicate in the highest degree. I don't deserve this, at your hands Emily, indeed."

"Dear papa," said Emily, "Arabella knows—everybody here knows; Joe knows—that I was no party to this concealment. Augustus, for Heaven's sake, explain it"

Mr. Snodgrass, who had only waited for a hearing, at once recounted how he had been placed in his then distressing predicament; how the fear of giving rise to domestic dissensions had alone prompted him to avoid Mr. Wardle on his entrance; and how he merely meant to depart by another door, but finding it locked, had been compelled to stay against his will. It was a painful situation to be placed in; but he now regretted it the less, inasmuch as it afforded him an opportunity of acknowledging before their mutual friends that he loved Mr. Wardle's daughter deeply and sincerely, that he was proud to avow that the feeling was mutual, and that if thousands of miles were placed between them, or oceans rolled their waters, he could never for an instant forget those happy days when first—et cetera, et cetera.

Having delivered himself to this effect, Mr. Snodgrass bowed again, looked into the crown of his hat, and stepped towards the door.

"Stop!" shouted Wardle. "Why, in the name of all that's——"

"Inflammable," mildly suggested Mr. Pickwick who thought something worse was coming.

"Well—that's inflammable," said Wardle, adopting the substitute; "couldn't you say all this to me in the first instance?"

"Or confide in me?" added Mr. Pickwick.

"Dear, dear," said Arabella, taking up the defence, "what is the use of asking all that now, especially when you know you had set your covetous old heart on a richer son-in-law, and are so wild and fierce besides, that everybody is afraid of you except me. Shake hands with him, and order him some dinner, for goodness gracious sake, for he looks half starved; and pray have your wine up at once, for you'll not be tolerable until you have taken two bottles at least."

The worthy old gentleman pulled Arabella's ear, kissed her without the smallest scruple, kissed his daughter also with great affection, and shook Mr. Snodgrass warmly by the hand.

"She is right upon one point at all events," said the old gentleman, cheerfully. "Ring for the wine."

The wine came, and Perker came up stairs at the same moment. Mr. Snodgrass had dinner at a side table, and when he had dispatched it drew his chair next Emily, without the smallest opposition on the old gentleman's part.

The evening was excellent. Little Mr. Perker came out wonderfully, told various comic stories, and sang a serious song, which was almost as funny as the anecdotes. Arabella was very charming, Mr. Wardle very jovial, Mr. Pickwick very harmonious, Mr. Ben Allen very uproarious, the lovers silent, Mr. Winkle very talkative, and all of them very happy.

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SORROWS OF A STUMP BEDSTEAD.—Hickson vs. Jones.—The plaintiff in this case sued for the sum of 1*l.* 10*s.*, the price of a stump bedstead made "to order" for the defendant, Jones, who was a poor woe-begone cobbler, in possession of the "shirt of the happy man," (i. e., none at all,) and whose locomotive wardrobe, altogether, bore strong and palpable evidence of "the light of other days," as well as of "these days" also. Plaintiff was a tall, bed post shaped worthy, with a sort of screw nose and a "sacking" complexioned countenance. He did not look "volumes" at the court, but "*ledgers!*" So decided was his aspect, yet withal so blank.

Mr. Dubois—What do you say to this, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—Say, sir, why as this: my 'greement was for a suv'rin, and for that money I was to have a reg'ler good 'un, "bug-trap" and all complete.—(Laughter.)

Plaintiff—I deny that—not a word about the bug-trap—no, Jones—not a word about the bug-trap.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Jones—Well, I waives the bug trap, and now I'll jest ask Mr. Commissioner Dubois if thirty shillings ain't too much for a stump bedstead?

Mr. Dubois—That is the only point at issue, so the defendant may fetch some one to tell us all about it.

The defendant here started off, and in a few minutes introduced a curious lank-haired worthy, named M'Murdo, as an evidence as to the value of the bedstead.

Mr. Dubois—Well, Mr. M'Murdo, and what do you think of the value of this bedstead?

Nawthing at all, me lord, said M'Murdo—but I'd sooner slape on my own bedstead. (Laughter.)

Mr. Dubois—And what sort of a one is that?

Witness—Sure and it's on the flure, on the plain ground, with the sky above me.

Mr. Dubois—This won't do, we must have the opinion of a bedstead-maker, you must get one.

Defendant—I will, me lord, in the turn of an hour-glass.

The business of the court was again suspended for about five minutes, when the defendant returned with a second approver, in the shape of a little stumpy stump-bedstead maker. This last witness appeared in his shirt sleeves and a brown paper cap, and his name was John Blake.

Mr. Dubois—Now, Mr. Blake, tell the jury on your oath what you consider the bedstead in dispute to be worth?

Witness—Way, faith, then, me lord, I should say it was ounly worth ate-een shillins; but it's not mesulf that's had the look in it.

Mr. Dubois—Then, sir, how dare you swear that the bedstead is only worth eighteen shillings.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND ELLISTON.

Elliston applied twice to Sir Walter Scott, then Mr. Scott, to write for the stage. His first application was made in December, 1811, and must have been for the Surrey Theatre, as he was at that time uncomnected with Drury-lane Theatre, August, 1819.

Edinburgh, January 6, 1812.

"Sir,—I was favored with your letter, and am much obliged to you for the polite expressions it contains, as well as your supposing me capable of advancing in any degree the dramatic art or the advantage of its professors, as I am very fond of the stage, which is the only public amusement that I ever in future in. I have at times, from my own inclination, or at the solicitation of friends, partial, like yourself, to my other productions, been tempted to consider the subject your letter proposes to me. But, upon a mature consideration of my own powers, such as they are, and of the probable consequences of any attempt to write for the theatre, which might fall short of complete success, I have come to the determination of declining every overture of the kind, of which I have received several. I have, therefore, only to express my regret that it is not in my power to assist your exertions, which, I have no doubt, the public favor and your own talent will render successful without such aid. I am very glad I have been indirectly the means of supplying new subjects for your theatre, and am very much, Sir, your obedient servant, Walter Scott.

Robt. Elliston, Esq., 9, Stratford-place, Oxford-road, London."

Elliston's second application ran thus:—

"My dear Sir,—Some years since I put the question which I am now about to repeat. Will you write a play, and will you give me the refusal of it? I am aware that you have encouraged a doubt of your possessing the tact of that art; but may not the trial be made? I am willing to stake largely upon the result, and your fame need not be hazarded, because I will give you my sacred honor that no exposition of the author will take place without your consent. Interested as I am in the result of this application, it is probable that my anxiety may betray me into unbecoming solicitation. Without, however, pressing the question further, I trust you will excuse and feel for those apprehensions which my new honors must produce. I am desirous of passing my ordeal with the public approbation, and it is in your power to uphold my interests and the interests of the stage, if you feel an inclination to assist the fallen fortunes of an establishment over which the genius of Garrick presided, and which has been graced by the talents of a Siddons and a Jordan. I am, Sir, &c.

R. W. Elliston.

Sir Walter Scott."

"Abbotsford, Aug. 3, 1819.

"Dear Sir,—I am favored with your letter, and am much obliged by your favorable opinion of my supposed dramatic talents. But the time is long gone by that I could or dared have attempted anything for the stage, and I by no means feel disposed to risk any reputation I have acquired upon so slippery and uncertain an adventure. It is not so much the power of conceiving dramatic character, and putting its expressions into the language of passion, which ensures success at the present day, as the art of constructing a fable and interesting the spectators in a series of events which proceed gradually to an interesting conclusion. Now, if I had in my better days any talent of the former description, it is much impaired by a course of ill-health; and of the last and most material requisite to success I never possessed a shadow, for I never yet began a poem upon a preconcerted story, and have often been well advanced in composition before I had any idea how I was to end the work. I wish you every success in your new and difficult situation, and have the honor to be, dear sir, very much your faithful servant, Walter Scott.

R. Elliston, Esq., Leamington Spa, Warwickshire."

New Monthly Magazine for Nov.

[From the Daily Whig.]

The Deserted Bride and other Poems: By Geo. P. Morris. Allard and Saunders.—The is a beautiful volume of Poetry forthcoming from the press, which we had the pleasure of reading in the sheets. We are glad to find our old friend scattering his old fragments into a book. He has written much and written well, and he owes it to his own reputation to do something of this kind.—There are several exquisite gems in this volume, besides the principal poem, which almost every lady in the land can repeat. We would instance the fine ballad of "Woodman, spare that tree," and "Wearies my love of my letters?"

The following stanzas, addressed to one of our best poets, are refined and delicate in the extreme, and some fresh from the heart. We copy them in advance of the publication, and as a fair specimen of the whole.

TO ——.

How sweet the cadence of thy lyre!
What melody of words!
They strike a plume within the heart,
Like songs of forest birds,
Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Among the mountain herds.

Thy mind's a cultured garden,
Where nature's hand has sown
The flower seeds of posie—
And they have freshly grown
Imbued with beauty and perfume
To other plants unknown.

A bright career's before thee—
All tongues pronounce thy praise;
All hearts thy inspiration feel,
And will in after days;
For genius breathes in every line
Of thy soul thrilling lays.

A nameless grace is round thee—
A something, too refined
To be described, yet must be felt
By all of human kind.
Thine is the rainbow of the heart,
That cannot be defined.

Then blessings on thee, minstrel—
Thy faults let others scan,
There may be spots upon the sun,
Which those may view that can;
I see them not—yet know thee well
A poet and a man.

SMITH OF SMITHOPOLIS, OR THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

I forgot to observe that the postillion of whom I have spoken was rather profane. He told a story of his experience some years before with a divine, who was riding with him, on his professional seat, in the West, to attend a "protracted meeting."

"It was about 'lection time," said he, "and I had just gin my vote. Of course I was used with hospitality; and I was a little 'how-come-you-so?' as Miss Kimball says in her Tower. Well, I driv on, at an uncommon rapid rate (that's a fact); and whensumever I threw out the mail-bags at a stoppin' place, I replenished the inner individual. At last I became, as the parson observed, 'manifestly inebriated;' and he undertook to lecture me! I said nothing, until he observed, or rather remarked, that 'he should not be surprised if I felt from my seat some day, and would be found with my head broke, and extravagantsated blood on the pious matter.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I shouldn't be surprised; it would be just my d——d eternal luck!'

"He didn't say no more all the trip. I shot him up."

"But the election," it was inquired—"did you succeed in that?"

"Oh yes; and the man that we put in made a fool of himself at Albany in the Legislature, and there was a piece put into a book about him a'terwards."

"Ah!—what was it?"

"Here it is," was the reply of my gentleman, as he drew from his pocket a worn fragment of a printed page:—

"On the first day of the session, he was enabled to utter the beginning of a sentence, which would probably have had no end, if it had not been cut short as it was by the Speaker. On the presentation of some petitions, which he thought had a bearing on his favorite subject, the election by the people of public notaries, inspectors of beef and pork, sole-leather, staves and heading, he got on his legs.—'When,' said he, 'Mr. Speaker, we consider the march of intellect in these United, as I may say confederated States, and how the genius of liberty soars, in the vast expanse, stretching her eagle plumes from the Pacific Ocean to Long Island Sound, gazing with eyes of fire upon the ruins of empires——' Just at which point of aerial elevation, the Speaker brought down the metaphorical flight of the genius and that of the aspiring orator together, by informing the latter that he should be happy to hear him when in order, but that there was now no question before the House!"

"But what was the name of this man?" was a query following this eloquent extract.

"Smith, sir, was his name; Smith—John Smith, of Smithopolis, and Surrogate of Smith county. He was the first man in Smithville; was a blacksmith in his youth, a goldsmith a'terwards, and John Smith through all. A consistent man, sir—no *change* with him; always upright, but always poor; unchanging, for he had nothing to change with! He was a distinguished man; had letters advertised in the post office; led the choir at church; read the 'Declaration' on every 4th of July; made all the acquaintances he could; was exceedingly fussy on all occasions. In short, he was a very great man in a short way. His speech will stand as a memorial of his genius, when the Kaatskill shall be troubled with the mildew of time, and the worms of decay!" Ollapod.

The very last case of absence of mind was manifested by a gentleman well known to a friend of ours, who placed his spectacles on his ears, and walked sideways two miles in a violent rain storm.

Varieties.

In a poetical quotation in the communication on the Arts yesterday, we were sorely tempted, on account of its oddity, to leave uncorrected a new reading of our Devil's, as it came to us in the proof-sheet. The couplet is—

"Minutiæ-mongers, microscopic wights,
Whom Dinner captivates, and Dow delights."

Diabolus being hungry for supper, and therefore on gastronomic thoughts intent, brought it to us:—

"Whom *dinner* captivates and *dough* delights."

Charleston Mercury.

An editor in Ohio complains that chickens in his neighborhood are *as high as one dollar and fifty cents a dozen!* He ought to be compelled to live on bull beef as a penny a pound till he comes to his senses.

That fury one of the New Orleans Picayune says he had several subjects of interest to write upon, but the musquitoes were so thick that he could not spin out an idea without its being immediately stung to death.

A fellow who was seen hurrying along the streets in Milton lately, was asked what office he was running for. He said, "Squire Tharp's, by Jupiter, I'm tissed."

A diffident lover going to a town clerk to request him to publish the banns of matrimony, found him at work *alone*, in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to *step aside* a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear.

A New Orleans paper tells of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are the "times to try men's *soles*."

Lord Mansfield being told of a very young lady having married a gentleman of seventy years of age, his lordship said, "she had better married *two thirty-fives*."

Henry Lord Falkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave senator objected to his youth, and said, "he looked as if he had not sown his wild oats." "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a *goose* to pick them up," was the quick and caustic reply.

Two sailors were quarrelling, one called the other "a lobsided, crooked son of a gun!" "I'm not crookeder than you are," was the reply. "You lie!" retorted the other, "If you were to put a tenpenny nail in your mouth, it would come out a corkscrew!"

An Irish friend of ours, speaking of his children, said, "They are all well, but one born in this country. I must take him to the green isle, for by my soul I believe he is languishing for his *native* air that he never smelt at all."

A wit, bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of the married and single state, exclaimed, "What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor go down?" And in the same tone, by way of condolent response, observed, "*a-lass! a-lass!*"

"Pray, sir," said a gentleman to a wag, upon one of our wood wharves the other day, "Pray, sir, what is wood now?" "What is wood now?" replied the wag, "why trees cut down and chopped up."

A Michigan paper relates the following anecdote as illustrative of the Indian character:—

A chief on his return from the payment, called at one of the taverns and partook of a splendid repast in the city. After he had finished, he stepped to the bar and paid his bill, and gave the landlord 25 cents, for which he said he wanted some pieces of old meat and bread. These he carried to the door and distributed among his wife and six children, who took them with remarkable complacency.

An excellent story is told of Dr. Physic, of Philadelphia. A good woman came to him one day in a great deal of trouble, and complained that her son had swallowed a penny. "Pray, madam," said the Dr., "was it a counterfeit?" "No, Doctor, certainly not!" was the reply. "*Then it will pass, of course,*" rejoined the facetious physician.

Storm at Sea.—The chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger? The sailor replied, "If it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock at night." "The Lord forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted chaplain.

"John," said a careful father, "don't give cousin Simon's horses too many *oats*, you know they have *hay*." "Yes, thur," said John, moving towards the barn. "And hark ye, John, don't give them too much *hay*, you know they have *oats*."

A Burst of Eloquence.—"Mr. Chairman," said an orator at Friday evening's caucus, "these villain banks tell you that they could not help suspending specie payment—yes, sir, that they could not help it. What should you think, sir—yes sir, what should you think, sir, of a man who should hang himself and then say he could not help it.—[Immense applause.]

A Frenchman wishing to take a stage for Buffalo, was asked by the driver if he had any extra baggage. "Extra baggage! Vat you call dat? I have no baggage at all but my three trunks, five dogs, and von black girl.'

The *World* says that when a Benger girl gets kissed, she very calmly remarks, "Hans, tat ish wery good;" and that when a Block Island girl receives a buss, she exclaims, with considerable animation, "Well, John, you've wiped my chops off beautiful!"

Joe Taber thinks ridin 50 mile on the skeleton of a hard trottin haus, sleepin on the sharp edge of a rock, and no means of procurin a light but by burnin one's shirt, is mose a desparate siteation.

Payment of Debts.—L——s, a country actor, was notorious for his disregard of the laws of *meum et tuum*—even when in comparatively opulent circumstances, he never paid anything without the intervention of John Doe and Richard Roe. A friend once endeavored to persuade him of the folly as well as injustice of this. "Sir," said I, with Johnsonian gravity, "whether a man owe anything or not, is a matter of opinion; no man can possibly be a judge in his own cause; therefore no sensible man should pay anything without taking the opinion of *twelve indifferent persons* upon the merits of the case."

A Comical Sign-board.—Upon the door of a house in an old street occupied by a father and son—the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber—appears a board with the following inscription:—

J. Barnet and Son blacksmith and barbers work done here horse shewing and shaving locks mended and hair curled bleeding and teeth drawing and other farrery work All sorts of spiratus and molt lickers akording to the late kimicle act and licensed to be drunk in the premises

N B take notice my wife keeps school and takes in needle work and polite arts also washing teaches reading and riting and other langwitches and has assistants if required to lurn horritory sowing the Matthewmatticks and all other fashunable diversions.

An interesting case of "monkey love" may be witnessed at the Garden of Plants, in Paris. A pair of those engaging animals have formed a mutual passion, and one sweet "pledge of love" is the result. Their attachment to each other is not only a model to other monkeys, but even to human married couples. Wombwell, who is reckoned to *ape* the manners of the monkey tribe with astonishing fidelity, says he never heard of anything so affecting in his life. He contemplates a visit to Paris for the express gratification of his curiosity.

THE FUTURE.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."—We will just anticipate a few statements which are likely to appear at the close of the present century:—

The new plan of propelling steam vessels, by the improved engine, succeeds beyond expectation. The man-of-war, fitted out upon this construction, has crossed the Atlantic in six days, although she encountered, during the whole time, a most dreadful hurricane, which blew directly against the course she was pursuing.

The patent gunpowder is without smoke, flash, or explosion of any sort; but we are informed that the common musket, when loaded with this powder, cannot be made to carry above eleven miles, which is only one mile further than its present range. The range of our largest cannon is three times the distance.

The telescope recently erected, enables us to discover the primary particles of matter in the sun, and to survey, with accuracy, the countenances of the inhabitants of the moon. It is expected that it will shortly bring them so near to us that we shall be able to hear them converse.

We have now three flourishing colonies at the North Pole. Our chemical means of creating heat to any degree, by exciting action in the amosphere, has enabled our colonists entirely to remove every vestige of winter in those regions.

We have now seventeen ambassadors resident in the interior of Africa, and fifty-seven consuls in the principal cities and towns on the coast. The post arrives regularly every fortnight from Timbuctoo.

So certain is the duration of life rendered by the perfection of medical science, that out of the population of London, now seven millions, only two hundred and six people died last year under the age of seventy.

An ingenious farmer in a neighboring county, has, we are informed, proved, by experiment, the possibility of producing four instead of three regular harvests in the year.

The acquisition of knowledge is now rendered wonderfully rapid and perfect; eleven months is sufficient to attain all the depths of erudition. The most slow of comprehension are in three months made thoroughly acquainted with the whole of mixed and pure mathematics.

By the new aerial rudder attached to the balloons, these vessels can sail close to the wind. A friend of ours was only six weeks in his voyage to the planet Venus.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1838.

LETTER FROM AN OHIO TURFMAN.

LEBANON, WARREN COUNTY, (Ohio,) Dec. 25, 1837.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq.—Sir: The last number of your paper reached me to-day. You may judge of my surprise at seeing the article which says—"We some short time since stated, and, as we supposed, on good authority, that Mr. Beach's *Sir Kirkland* received the first premium at Hamilton (Ohio) Agricultural Fair. A Kentucky correspondent denies this, and asserts that it was awarded to *Cadet*, by Medley, out of Sally Walker."

In reply to the above article, allow me to repeat to you that Sir Kirkland *did* receive the first premium at Hamilton, and that the only horse exhibited with him was Mr. Smalley's *Othello*, by Cherokee. You also remark that "there must be a mode of settling this difference." I am aware that Cadet was exhibited at *Carthage*, which is in *Hamilton County* (Ohio), and received the premium, and that Sir Kirkland was exhibited at *Hamilton*, which is in *Butler County* (Ohio). *I* can account for this contradiction in no other way.

I will further remark that I have no interest either in Sir Kirkland or his stock, having sold him to Messrs. Eli & Wm. Longnecker, of Eaton, Ohio.

My brother, of your city, has the finest colt by Imp. Daghee, out of Lady Tompkins, coming 2 years old, that I have seen for years; he is not only large, but in high form—he has the widest, the broadest, and the flattest hind leg I ever saw on a colt of his age: his second thigh will now out measure seven grown horses out of ten—has a long neck, high head, and his ear is fine, and looks as though it were set on artificially—in some hands is worth a fortune.

I do not believe Mr. Mayo is doing much with Daghee—if I had him I would place him in Kentucky, where their mares have become too small to breed business horses; should they fail of making runners, they are worth but little. I think highly of Daghee. I think I could stand him where he would do much better than on Long Island—he is a horse of great substance.

What has become of my favorite horse *Chateau Margaux*—I hear no puffing of him nor his colts. I cannot but think that his colts (for the American style of running heats of 4 miles) will be fully equal to any of the late importations. I wish he was in Kentucky—he certainly would get many of the best mares.

Yours, &c. B.

LOOK OUT, PETE WHETSTONE.

FRANKLIN, Tenn., Dec. 3, 1837.

Dear Sir,—It is not my intention or desire to enter into a controversy, especially with fictitious characters, but to correct error. It is strange to me that your correspondent, Pete Whetstone, did not take truth for his guide, whilst whetting for some and against others, (facts are stubborn things, which it is not my intention to conceal.) Sir, last winter, in Arkansas, I sold some Bertrand Stock for a gentleman of Nashville, and had my intentions been to defraud, I would certainly have sold them for cash. The reverse is the fact—I sold on one and two years' time. Now this Stone, of Arkansas, says I sold a brown 4 year old Bertrand horse, and represented him as never having been trained. This assertion is not the fact—I made no such statement, and believe the gentleman to whom I sold the colt referred to, will do me the justice I am entitled to, by acknowledging that I represented the colt as a 3 year old, and that he had been lightly trained—was run a mile trial and turned out.

Whetstone further states that Bob Smith says he distanced the same colt, (hearsay evidence is not admissible in any court of justice, and I should think he would at least be a competent judge of such small matters.) Now if Bob Smith ever made any such statement, or that either the Bertrands which I sold in Arkansas were ever distanced before that date, I say it is untrue, and I pledge myself to prove the fact.

This Mr. Whetstone, or his striker, have frequently, through your columns, harped on these Bertrands sold by a Mr. *Breadfute*. I presume they are deeply interested in Studs (Volcano's, &c., and their produce,) and these said Bertrands are likely to, or have proved troublesome customers in the stud, if not on the Turf. Whetstone says Volcano never got a colt that could not distance him. Now this assertion the people of Arkansas will not believe, and how can you, weak man, attempt to palm such stuff on the public. Volcano never saw the day he could distance the brown colt himself, and if the colt is uninjured, I should like to take Whetstone's proposition for the few shin-plasters he has left after his return from the Big Rock, for that is the rock all small ones split on.

Pray, sir, in your next epistle, be so good as to inform the breeders to Volcano that he once made a splendid race, were the length of the course out of the question; but many horses, and those third-raters, have recorded time there that would have done credit to a Timoleon, a Mingo, a Trifle, a Lady Cliffden, or a Picton. And do, good sir, give us a sample of this prodigy's get; I know they had a a chance last Spring with Merlin's get, and slipped out. This, too, has stuck in the crops of the party, and they attempted to write it down. I say you Whitestone men could not shine, therefore it was wisdom to back out.

Yours, &c. JAMES H. BRADFUTE.

If George Thompson, the jockey, still wishes a situation at the South, he can find one with R. B. Harrison, who will attend *in force* the races at Montgomery the last week in January. Turfmen in that quarter will inform him of H.'s whereabouts after those races. George's expenses out would be paid him, and good wages. He would ride such nags as Crazy Bill, Simwood, Kleber, &c. Any gentleman who may know where George is, would oblige a worthy fellow by communicating to him the above.

The Pickwick Papers.—The fifth and concluding part of these original papers has just been published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. With all pleasurable emotions we have just read the philosophic retirement of the illustrious Pickwick himself, and the promotion of the inimitable Sam and the "wery plump and vell made" Mary to the important posts of major-domo and housekeeper to that venerable man. This promotion, however, we are happy to state, was conditioned upon the nuptials of the innocent pair, and in the words of the author, "From the circumstance of two sturdy little boys having been repeatedly seen at the gate of the back-garden," we have reason to suppose that Sam has some family.

The moral inculcated by this denouement of the loves of Sam and Mary, ought not to banish from the mind of the reader, the more sage counsels of the elder Mr. Weller. On the subject of matrimony, that gentleman entertained opinions quite at variance with those presented in a communication in another column, from a reverend correspondent in Tennessee. In a difference of so grave moment, it is fair to give both sides, and we shall take an early opportunity to collate and digest Mr. Weller's shrewdly expressed opinions, for the use of our readers. And in the meantime we add just one word of caution to gay bachelors, from his oracular lips, though at the risk of seeing it in another column at length. But in its style, it is "a gem of purest ray," and will bear inspection. When Mr. Pickwick communicates to Mr. Weller, sen., the attachment of the pretty housemaid to Samuel, Mr. W. thus gives utterance to the suggestions of his own practical sense.

"It's nat'ral," said Mr. Weller, after some consideration, "nat'ral, but raythar alarmin', Sammy must be careful."

"How do you mean?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery careful that he don't say nothin' to her," responded Mr. Weller—"wery careful that he ain't led avay in a innocent moment to say anythin' as may lead to a conwiction for breach. You're never safe vith 'em, Mr. Pickwick, ven they vunce have designs on you; there's no knowin' vere to have 'em, an' vile you're a-considerin' of it, they have you. I vas married fust that vay myself, sir, an' Samivel vas the consekens o' the manœuvre."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Match against mud and time, from City Hall to Davenport's Lynn Hotel, distance 9 miles 2 furlongs and 5 rods. Mud four inches deep. Fog dense as white oak cheese. Time of starting, midnight. Walked in 2 hours 45 minutes by "Canoe paddle;" 1 to 2 that it would not be done in 3.59.

Another match has come off at the Saloon, Col. Pullhard beating the Captain by 1.30—time, 13.30. Odds are offered that it can be done in 12.30.

Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand pounds a-year!—and Mr. Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it *might* be done for £800 with strict economy.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

We have no novelty to communicate in this department this week, nor have the usual entertainments of the week been such as to require remark. During the holidays the theatres are invariably well attended, and this year surpassed all others in this regard. Such a house as crammed the Park on the evening of the 1st inst. had not been seen there before, or since, the Wood row. On the evening of the 25th ult., and on the occasion of Mr. Forrest's benefit, the houses were much of the same character.

Since our last, Mrs. Shaw has been winning new laurels, and the newspaper critics have been doing that justice to her singular merits, which the crowded state of our columns admonish us to omit this week.

Madame Lecomte still attracts crowds of the admirers of her art.

Mr. Russell gave a concert on Thursday evening at the City Hotel, which we were unfortunately and unexpectedly prevented from attending. The Philadelphia critics have been handling Mr. Russell without gloves, but he valued so little the effect of their fault-finding on his New York friends, as to put up his name for a concert, entirely unsupported by other vocal talent. We learn that from this city he intends proceeding to the South.

The splendid entertainment recently given to Mr. Forrest by his Philadelphia friends, continues to be the engrossing topic of conversation in theatrical circles. All accounts agree in describing it as one of the most striking tributes ever offered to professional merit by an admiring public. Nor was it professional merit alone that extorted this unusual homage: for the gifted recipient is as irreproachable in private life as he is effective on the stage. The address in which he conveyed his acknowledgments to the company was couched in the most felicitous terms, and given with a grace of manner that proved him as much the gentleman as the scholar. During some of the most touching passages of his address, many of his auditors found it impossible to repress their tears. The following, which we copy from the columns of a Philadelphia journal, is a brief sketch of the topics dwelt upon by Mr. Forrest:—

"'The stage and its master' having been given from the chair, a peal of three times three followed, after which Mr. Forrest, rising at the head of the centre table, between three long ones filled with the company, which extended the vast length of the dining-saloon—returned his grateful and moving thanks in an address, whose power and effect cannot well be conceived by any description with pen and ink. It rehearsed his career from his boyish days to the present time, with the brevity of a modest pride, but with the emotions of a generous heart. His allusions to Col. Swift, whose words of fair encouragement, spoken nearly twenty years ago, first nerved him to his professional exertions, and encouraged him to persevere until he had won a name. Briefly recounting his successes abroad, he said these latter honors had not so high a claim upon his gratitude as those which the citizens of his native Philadelphia had previously conferred upon him in generous anticipation of future deservings. The whole address was fraught with that truest eloquence, whose source and fountain is the heart. The grace of the actor, mingled with the emotions of the man in happy and unstudied combination. His Honor the Mayor, as the tide of reminiscences swept over his mind, did himself credit by using his hand the while in wiping his well deluged eyes—an employment in which he was joined by so many, that the weakness of the moment may have been pronounced absolutely contagious.

A daughter of manager Maywood has made her first appearance during the past week at Philadelphia as Zelica, in the Maid of Cashmere. She is spoken of as a charming, agile little creature—a very miniature of Celeste. Her dancing drew down the plaudits of a very crowded and fashionable house, and her reception from first to last must have been highly gratifying to the young debutante. Her manner betokened the utmost self-possession, springing apparently from an innate confidence in her own powers—a confidence which was fully justified by the result. She was loudly called for at the conclusion of the piece, when her father led her forward, crowned with a wreath of white roses, which had been thrown on the stage from an adjacent box. The "Pennsylvanian" says:—"We never saw a debutante acquit herself with more effect, or more to the satisfaction of an audience; and should the after career of this young creature realize the expectations enkindled by her first appearance, her history will form an epoch in the American stage."

Mr. Abbott opened his new theatre at Charleston, S. C., on the 15th ult., with the "Honeymoon,"—the Duke, we need scarcely say, by the manager. Ellen Tree made her *debut* on the following night, in the popular play of the Hunchback. The company engaged by Mr. Abbott is one of much talent, comprising some of the prime favorites of the day, both male and female. He has taken his "wares" to a market celebrated for its liberality and discernment, and we predict for him a profitable campaign.

A new theatre, called the Pantheon, was opened at New Orleans Dec. 3d, under the managerial auspices of Mr. Riley.

A new play is to be brought out shortly at New Orleans, and which is thus heralded in one of the city papers:—

Mr. George W. Harby, favorably known to the community as the successful author of Tutoona, has dramatized, with some happy alterations, Dr. Bird's novel of "Nick of the woods," and has placed it in the hands of Mr. Parsons for performance. This gentleman will sustain the part of the principal hero of the piece, and, we are told, will bring out the drama in a handsome style. The ability with which Mr. Harby's first play was written, offers us a pleasing guarantee of the success of the present effort.

We are sorry to learn that the American theatre at Mobile, built recently by Messrs. L. and F. Ferry, has closed for the season,—report says, for ever, a loss of $30,000 having been incurred by the experiment.

Miss Russell, the charming daughter of the New Orleans manager, has offered a premium of $300 for the best drama, to be produced by any resident of Louisiana before the 1st of Feb.—the principal character to be adapted to Miss Russell. The theatres of that lively city are all in the "full tide of successful experiment." Hackett and Mrs. Sharpe are at the St. Charles, where also the Jewess was to be got up, the dresses and new scenery of which would cost $20,000. A Miss Hanker is playing the Bayadere with great *eclat*.

SPRINGFIELD (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, 11th Nov., and continued four days. The following gentlemen compose the Officers of the Club:—DR. P. MERRIWETHER, President; Dr. Z. Merriwether and Dr. W. Merriwether, Vice Presidents; D. McGehee, Secretary.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14, 1837—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. f. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1
Col. Wm. M. Inge's s. f. *Alabama Maid*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 6.01. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 5 yrs	1
Col. Wm. M. Inge's gr. c. *John Gage*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	dist.
Dabney McGehee's *Napsetender*, by Interest, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs	dist.

Time not kept.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. M. Inge's (J. R. Head's) s. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. John Lang's gr. f. by Jerry, out of Old Nell, 3 yrs	3	2
R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Pelham, 5 yrs	2	3
Dabney McGehee's s. c. *London*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1.55—1.58.

This race excited much interest—the betting on the morning of the race was odds on Alice Gray against the field, she having beaten Lorinda the week previous, at Greensboro', a single mile, for a subscription purse of $250, but the knowing ones were deceived, and their pockets felt the effects of these sanguine opinions. Alice, although in fine order, found her competitor a much more troublesome customer than was anticipated, she having recovered from the effects of her travel from Tennessee, a distance of 300 miles, and showed by her appearance that she was a good one to go, if up to the mark.

First Heat.—London had the track, Lorinda 2d, Alice 3d, and the Jerry filly outside. At the tap of the drum they got off with a good start, Lorinda taking up the running round the first turn, and entered upon the back stretch a clear length a-head—was never headed, and won the first heat hard in hand.

Second Heat.—With a fine start they got away, Lorinda leading from the stand, and winning easily in a gallop.

This is the best race ever run over our track, it being 27 feet over a mile, and the soil very deep sand.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17—Purse $125, the entrance money of the preceding days, with the entrance of the day added, free for all ages; weights as before: Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Wm. M. Inge's (J. R. Head's) gr. h. *Albatross*, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs	1	1	1
Col. John B. Jones' b. h. *Choctaw*, by Stockholder, 6 yrs	2	2	2
Col. John Long's b. g. *Slow Bay*, by ——, dam by Archy, 5 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 2.01—2.01½—2.01. Won easily.

We have had a Club and racing at the Springfield track, for five years previous to the present, but our purses have been small, and the thing done mostly among our own neighborhood. We have commenced a new purse for the ensuing five years, and will now report our Club and races, and try to do the thing in better style. We should have had more sport had not Messrs. Tayloe & Johnson bought the stable of Messrs. Abbott & Jones, and quite used up *our little stock*. The stable consisted of the Imp. filly Maria Black, imported by E. H. Boardman; Hortense, by Pacific; Zelina, by Imp. Leviathan, and ch. c. Pactolus, by Pacific, and a Wild Bill colt (both untried), for which they paid the sum of $12,000.

D. McGEHEE, Secretary.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, 11th Oct. We are indebted to the *Western Visitor* for the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, 1837—Purse $60, for 2 year olds, catch weights; Mile heats.

David Clarkson's s. f. *Maria Frances*, by Sir Perry, dam unknown	1	1
Hutchinson & Palmer's b. f. by Fugo, dam unknown	2	2
Joseph Shawhan's gr. f. by Cherokee, dam unknown, threw his rider, and was	dist.	

Time, 2.06—2.02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, One mile out.

Chas. T. Love's br. h. *Tiger*, by Printer, dam not given	1
James Cleaveland's bl. h. *Cowdrieer*, pedigree unknown	2
William Cummins' b. m. by Imp. Trim, dam not given, threw her rider, and was	dist.

Time, 2.01.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $181, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's s. f. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 yr	1	1
Wesley Huggins' b. c. by Cherokee, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 3 yrs	3	2
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Darnaby's Diomed, 3 yrs	2	3
J. W. McIntosh's b. f. *Ellen*, by Trumpator, dam by Virginia Whip, 4 yrs	dist.	
Joseph Shawhan's s. f. *Polly Hopkins*, by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6.02—6.27.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse $150, free for all ages, weights as before; Two mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's b. f. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs	1	
Stephen T. Drane's s. f. by Arab, dam omitted, 3 yrs	4	
Aquilla Palmer's gr. c. *Hard Heart*, by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver, 3 yrs	2	
L. B. Desha's b. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Bertrand, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	3	dis
James J. Clarkson's b. c. *Red Douglass*, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Ganymede, 3 yrs	5	dr
Joseph Shawhan's s. f. by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4.22—4.20.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse $175, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Reason Jordan's s. f. by Mucklejohn, dam by Printer, 3 yrs	1	1	1
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, d. by Darnaby's Diomed, 3 y.	4	3	2
Joseph Shawhan's s. c. *Ben Sutton*, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 4 yrs	2	2	3
J. W. McIntosh's b. h. *Auril*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Am. Eclipse, 5 yrs	3	5	dis
Stephen T. Drane's s. c. *Silas Payne*, by Rattler, dam by Sandlonian, 3 yrs	5	4	dis
Samuel Ewalt's b. f. *Highland Mary*, by Cherokee, dam by Virginia Whip, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1.53—2.00—1.57.

THE MILITARY RACES AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W. I.

Commenced on Wednesday, 1st Nov., and although we had some threatening showers in the morning, the afternoon was delightfully pleasant. The course was in good order; the grand stand, although not crowded, contained many families of high respectability. The Ladies had put on their brightest looks and sunniest smiles, and made a most charming appearance.

Several, we observed, that would have turned the heart of an Anchorite; so Angelic, they seemed to be such as Shakspeare exquisitely describes as

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

Pleasing as are the reminiscences of the charms we beheld, stern duty bids us to turn away from the all-engrossing idea to describe the race.

The first was for the Gentlemens' Purse:—

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	1
Lieut. Fosbrooke's *Trifle*	2
Lieut. Malet's *Mustapha*	3

Time, 2.05.

It was evident from the start that Mustapha could not have the slightest chance of winning, being very lame; and we presume he was merely started to make up the race. An objection was made on the part of Lieut. Fosbrooke, that the rider of Sir Lionel, Dr. Maclean, having lost his cap, received a hat from a gentleman after passing the Judges' Stand, but before returning to be weighed, merely to protect him from the sun. The Stewards gave their judgment that in consequence, Sir Lionel must be considered distanced. It is in our opinion much to be regretted that such an objection was raised, bearing in mind that the riders were gentlemen, and Dr. Maclean rode 7lbs. over weight without his saddle. A protest to the Stewards' decision was entered, and we cannot avoid expressing a hope that the objection will be over-ruled by application to the proper quarter, the more so as Sir Lionel, if we mistake not, reached the winning post ere his competitor was within a distance.

Next came the Pony Race, for which there were four entries, and resulted as follows:—

Lieut. Smith's (56th Regt.) *Creeper*	*	1 1
Lieut. Trapaud's *Victoria*	*	* 2
Capt. Wegg's *Jim Crow*	1	* *
Mr. Parker's *Velocipede*	*	* *

Time, 2.23—2.07—2.12. * Not placed.

The last race was a Sweepstakes, Two miles out, to which there were three subscribers:—

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Lady Emily*, late Popalina	1
Lieut. Mallet's *Olivia*	2
Lieut. Findlay's *Greyhound*	3

Time, 4.10.

This was a splendid race, and well contested. Olivia took the lead at the start, but was passed within the first quarter by Lady Emily. Greyhound kept a good place, and at the third quarter of the first mile was 2d, and looked as though he was bent upon winning. Lady Emily, however, proved too nimble; she won the race held hard in hand.

Thursday, Nov. 2.—The Ladies' Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 5*l.* each; 3 subs. Two mile heats.

Lieut. Mallet's *Olivia*	1
Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	2
Lieut. Fosbrooke's *Slow Coach*	dist.

Time, 4.26.

Sir Lionel was well up in both miles, and we presume his *gallantry* did not permit him to pass the Lady—at any rate, he did not run so well as on the first day. We heard an opinion expressed that he was badly jockied.

The Garrison Stakes of 5*l.* each, P.P., added to a Purse of 40*l.* Three subscribers.

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	1	1
Dr. Maclean's *Lady Emily*	2	dr
Mr. Parker's *Magic*	dist.	

Time not given.

The two latter were "post entries," paying double entrance.

Pony Match—Two miles.

Mr. Archer's *Frank*	1
Lieut. Trapaud's *Symmetry*	dist.

Time, 11.15!!

The course to-day was better attended than yesterday, and presented a very animating scene. There was one or two personages who made a somewhat extraordinary appearance. None, however, attracted greater attention than a well-dressed "John Canoe," with particularly ferocious whiskers, mustaches, and imperial, mounted on a quadruped of the true Rosinante breed.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Sweepstakes of 5*l.* each, added to a Purse of 30*l.* Mile heats.

Olivia	1	1
Sir Lionel	2	2
Slow Coach	dist.	

Time, 2.04—2.01.

This was a splendid race: every inch of ground was contested. Sir Lionel and Olivia kept close together; indeed, in the second quarter of the first heat both horses might have been covered with a blanket; and we are inclined to coincide with the views of an experienced sportsman, who said, "the mare owed her victory to the superior jockeyship of her rider, and that with another rider the colt must have won the second heat." It is, however, but justice to state, that Dr. Maclean, the rider of Sir Lionel, never rode a race until the present meeting; that he did so at the solicitation of his friend Lieut. Smith, who, unless the Doctor had acquiesced, would have been unable to run his horse for want of a rider.

Pony Match for 50*l.* a-side, One mile out.

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) b. m. *Creeper*	1
Mr. Parker's ch. g. *Velocipede*	2

Time, 2.01.

Scurry Stakes—Half a mile.

Lady Emily	1
Charley (post entry)	2
Greyhound	3
Ali Bey (post entry)	4

Time not given.

As may be supposed, running was made from the post. Lady Emily and Ali Bey seemed to have no idea of stopping, and were with difficulty brought up after running a mile and a quarter.

Victoria and Greyhound afterwards started, but we are not aware for what purpose, unless it was wished to discover if the latter could perform a mile whilst the former was doing half the distance.

This concluded the Military Races, which certainly have been highly creditable to the Officers of the Army, especially when their paucity of numbers, and very heavy duties required of them on this station, are taken into consideration.

Kingston Despatch.

For the "New-York Spirit of the Times."

OAK SPRING, (Near Gallatin) Tenn., Dec. 8, 1837.

FRIEND P.—I have intended for some time to send you a list of my blood stock, with a request that you would give it a place in the columns of your useful and highly interesting miscellany, hoping that it may not be *too* late for STRATTON'S Stud Book. I am one of your subscribers, and generally feel delighted when the day approaches to hear from friend P. and his *various* correspondents—for such is the variety, that I am reminded of the colors of "*Jacob's Cattle*—ring-streaked and speckled." I consider your news-journal not very unlike "a great sheet, as it were, knit at the four corners, and let down to view, wherein are all manner of *fourfooted* beasts of the earth, and *wild* beasts, and *creeping* things, and fowls of the air." And in years to come, the delighted amateur, the judicious connoisseur, and spirited breeder, will be ready to tender *a vote of thanks* as a public committee, to the *indefatigable* editor, for such labors; and will perpetuate the knowledge of what is, and to record that which shall be hereafter, which may be worth preserving in relation to the *blood stock* of America. This is a *generous* enterprise in one who is a *foreigner*, by birth and education—for I understand that you are a *thorough-bred Irishman*, friend P., but none the worse for that—not at all, sir. Indeed, there is but one thing equal to it, and that is to deserve the honor and patronage which the Americans are wont to confer on the countrymen of Emmet and Montgomery: choice spirits they were—specimens of nature's nobility! The one was destined to an early grave, having stood the champion and *martyr of Irish freedom*, and the other, after expatriating himself from the "Emerald Isle," found *ample scope* for his great and generous soul, in carrying out those principles that eventuated in the establishment of the Colonies; but, in doing this, *Montgomery* exhibited the courage of a soldier, and the benevolence of a man! He appeared at the head of his regiment, "*unaccustomed* to look *cannon* in the face—to make or to mount a breach;" yet he led them bravely on; and on the plains of Abraham, before the gates of *Quebeck*, he fell, *gloriously* struggling for *the liberties* of the world: for in the *declaration* of our Independence, I see, as the prophet's servant saw the cloud, though not larger than the "hand of a man"—the pledge and token of an abundance of rain—sacred liberty! (like the bow of heaven) destined to *span* the earth and *arch* the skies. There is music in that word—sweeter than the harp or dulcimer. Yes, friend P., I will reiterate the sentiment of a venerable patriot, and one that served the *altar too*—that

> "The croaking of frogs in the uncultivated fen;
> Or the howling of wild beasts around the *spot* where liberty dwells,
> Would be far preferable to the nightingale's song, in vales of slavery,
> Or the melting notes of Corelli, in cities clanking in chains."

I love the names of those *high-souled* heroes, who bared their bosoms to the shafts of *lightning*, and sank down under the iron storm of battle. The names of such men as Warren and Montgomery, and the gallant spirits that nobly sustained them in the fierce contest, and fell at the head of their companies in their prime of glory, permit me to record, or rather *transcribe*, the names of Hendricks and Cheesman—McPherson and Carlton, who fell on "*their high places*;" I say, such names constitute *a legacy* with which freemen *will not* consent to part. What, sir, deprive a patriot of the genuine "*amor patriæ*," you take from the shipmaster both chart and compass—yea, and anchor too—and then *he sails* over the vast of waters, tempest-tost, and driven. If you *rob* the soldier of his *good* name, which he has earned in fighting the battles of his country, to secure the liberties and privileges we enjoy, in so doing, we *paralyse* his manly arm, that was ready to strike, and tear away his helmet, making him bare *his* head to the *gashing* steel of your foes. I was early taught to respect, yea, to venerate the fathers of the revolution—and the soldiers of liberty, most of whom have gone ————. And the honored few that survive, "like the leaves of the sybils, are the more precious, by reason of the scarcity." And shall we, or any man that claims a *woman for his mother*, and liberty as a birthright, be found in the ranks of such as calumniate and slander, *tatter*, *scalp* and *scald* the reputation and sacred honor of such men and heroes, as Washington and Hamilton—Warren and Montgomery—Green and Lafayette—Laurens and *De Kalb—Wayne* and *Jackson!!* If there be such *wretches* in *Church* or *State*, I say, "*let them be anamatha, maranatha*;"—let these be *accursed* when the Lord cometh. You, see, friend P., what a race my Pegasus has run; and all seems to have been suggested by the impression, that I have somehow received, that you are *an Irishman*; and if, in this, I am in error, you must do, as I sometimes have to do, i. e. forgive those who trespass against me when they repent and confess: and, if after waiting a while for this confession, and they still neglect this, *their duty*, I forgive them *any how*; but I take care *how* I let them *surround* me next time. I had ridden thus far on my *charger*, over woodland and waste, hills and dales, the rugged mountains and sandy plains, when my ear was saluted, near the "*Banks of the Hudson*," with strains, soft as ever *strayed* from an Æolian harp—it was the voice of Montgomery, taking leave of the *endearments* of home. The *parting words* only are submitted:

> "Ye scenes where homefelt pleasures dwell—
> And thou, my *dearer-self*, farewell;
> Perhaps the *cypress*, only tree
> Of all these groves shall follow me."

I was about to *dash the tear* from my brimful eye—clapping spurs to my *gallant steed*—(he is Medley and Pacolet stock)—to join the *marching* columns with Montgomery, when, *suddenly*, my little whiteheaded boy, rising three years old, rushed into my room, and fearlessly *strutted* up to my side, and claimed audience—and a kiss on his blooming cheek—then away he scampered, like a frolicksome, *thorough-bred colt!* And when I looked again, my *Bucephalus* was gone; and instead of the bloody field, and the marching cohorts of Montgomery, I found *my eye* resting upon a green wheat lot, and a *flock* of domestic poultry picking off the tender spears—the promise of the coming harvest. So much for the power wielded over us by the charms of *infancy* and *innocence*. I know not what I should have done, *friend P.*, had it not been for the last No. of your paper, that of the *25th Nov.*, to which I had recourse to see if I could not regain my Pegasus, when my eye was attracted by the word "*Corcoran*," that heads one of the *best* things of the kind I have seen: I would recommend *all* your readers, and correspondents too, to look at it, and I think they will agree with me, that *such* articles are worth a *thousand* "*vulgarities and profanities*," such as sometimes find their way to the *reading* public through the columns of respectable news journals; but, in a great sheet, there will be seen "*some creeping things*" as well as four-footed beasts and "*fowls of the air*."—Pardon this digression, friend P., for I would as soon run against a bag of *screw augers*, or be visited by the *night mare*, as to *incur* the displeasure, and receive the strokes of *the hammer* of "*Pete Whetstone*." It may be thought by some that an *apology* is due to the *orthodox* creed from one that *serves the altar*, for rearing and selling genuine "thorough-breds," the descendants of the *fleet* children of the desert. I would here remark, that I look upon them as the creatures of God; and if *He* did not think them *unworthy* of his *creative* energy, and preserving care, I should suppose that a *good* man might cherish them as specimens of his *workmanship*, and thereby become *schooled* to *admire and adore*. Who ever saw the majestic lion, the bounding stag—*antlered* monarch of the herd—or the towering eagle that sports with the tempest, and soars to the sun, and did not feel a *throb* of inspiration thrilling through his heart? and can we thus eulogize "*the wild beasts* and fowls of the air," and have no eye to see, no heart to admire that *generous and docile* creature, *the horse?* Why so? Next to a *virtuous* lady, and *pretty children*, give me a *fine* well-bred gentleman, and a *fine* horse!—one that paws the earth, and *shakes the thunder* of his neck—whose "neighing is authoritative as a monarch's bidding, and whose countenance inspires homage." But I am afraid that you are a *bachelor*, friend P., and therefore *do not* understand the *witchery* of children. Now, if you are not "*a sure enough*" father, I entreat you to marry, and thereby leave *a legacy* to your *adopted* country. You see, I still consider you as "*hailing* from the Emerald Isle. If you publish this, I will send the list of blood stock in my next, which will be by friend Amos' "Express Mail." Very respectfully,

H. M. CRYER.

P.S. I beg leave *now* to admit, that we have all along been mistaken relative to the *identity* of Barry's Grey Medley; and I think it is due *to myself*, as well as to the many that own *stock*, derived from the *Tonson* branch of the Pacolet family, to explain *how* this error became so current in Va. and Tennessee. In the Fall of '26 or 7, my friend, G. W. Jeffreys, of Person Co., N. Car., the "*Author of the Annals of the Turf*," gave me a copy of the pedigree of Grey

We have had a Club and racing at the Springfield track, for five years previous to the present, but our purses have been small, and the thing done mostly among our own neighborhood. We have commenced a new purse for the ensuing five years, and will now report our Club and races, and try to do the thing in better style. We should have had more sport had not Messrs. Taylor & Johnson bought the stable of Messrs. Abbott & Jones, and quite used up *our little stock*. The stable consisted of the imp. filly Maria Black, imported by E. H. Boardman; Hortense, by Pacific; Zelina, by imp. Leviathan, and ch. c. Pactolus, by Pacific, and a Wild Bill colt (both untried), for which they paid the sum of $12,000.

D. McGehee, Secretary.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, 11th Oct. We are indebted to the *Western Visitor* for the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11, 1837—Purse $60, for 2 year olds, catch weights; Mile heats.

Dave Clarkson's s. f. *Maria Frances*, by Sir Perry, dam unknown	1	1
Hutchinson & Palmer's b. f. by Fugo, dam unknown	2	2
Joseph Shawhan's g. c. f. by Cherokee, dam unknown, threw his rider, and was	dist.	

Time, 2:05—2:03.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, One mile out.

Chas. T. Love's br. h. *Tiger*, by Printer, dam not given	1	
James Cleaveland's bl. h. *Cavalier*, pedigree unknown	2	
William Cummins' b. m. by Imp. Trim, dam not given, threw her rider, and was	dist.	

Time, 2:00.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $181, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 115—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's s. f. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 yr	1	1
Wesley Huggins' b. c. by Cherokee, out of Duchess of Marlborough, 3 yrs	3	2
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Darnaby's Diomed, 3 yrs	2	3
J. W. McIntosh's b. f. *Eliza*, by Trumpator, dam by Virginia Whip, 4 yr	dist.	
Joseph Shawhan's s. f. *Polly Hopkins*, by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:02—6:37.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse $150, free for all ages, weights as before; Two mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's b. f. by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs	1	
Stephen T. Drane's s. f. by Arab, dam omitted, 3 yrs	4	
Aquilla Palmer's gr. c. *Hard Heart*, by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver, 3 yrs	2	
L. B. Desha's b. c. *Pete Wheatstone*, by Bertrand, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	3	dis
James J. Clarkson's b. c. *Red Douglass*, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Ganymede, 3 yrs	5	dr
Joseph Shawhan's s. f. by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:27—4:30.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14—Purse $175, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Reason Jordan's s. f. by Muckle John, dam by Printer, 3 yrs	1	1	1
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. *Josephine*, by Bertrand, d. by Darnaby's Diomed, 3 y.	4	3	2
Joseph Shawhan's s. c. *Ben Stallo*, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 4 yrs	2	2	3
J. W. McIntosh's b. h. *Aurit*, by Imp. Contract, dam by Ain. Eclipse, 5 yrs	3	5	dis
Stephen T. Drane's s. c. *Silas Payne*, by Rattler, dam by Tamerlane, 3 yrs	5	4	dis
Samuel Ewalt's b. f. *Highland Mary*, by Cherokee, dam by Virginia Whip, 3 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 1:53—2:00—1:57.

THE MILITARY RACES AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, W. I.

Commenced on Wednesday, 1st Nov., and although we had some threatening showers in the morning, the afternoon was delightfully pleasant. The course was in good order; the grand stand, although not crowded, contained many families of high respectability. The Ladies had put on their brightest looks and sunniest smiles, and made a most charming appearance.

Several, we observed, that would have turned the heart of an Anchorite; so Angelic, they seemed to be such as Shakspeare exquisitely describes as

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

Pleasing as are the reminiscences of the charms we beheld, stern duty bids us to turn away from the all-engrossing idea to describe the race.

The first was for the Gentlemens' Purse:—

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	1
Lieut. Fosbrooke's *Tyne*	2
Lieut. Mallet's *Mustapha*	3

Time, 2:05.

It was evident from the start that Mustapha could not have the slightest chance of winning, being very lame; and we presume he was merely started to make up the race. An objection was made on the part of Lieut. Fosbrooke, that the rider of Sir Lionel, Dr. Maclean, having lost his cap, received a hat from a gentleman after passing the Judges' Stand, but before returning to be weighed, merely to protect him from the sun. The Stewards gave their judgment that in consequence, Sir Lionel must be considered distanced. It is in our opinion much to be regretted that such an objection was raised, bearing in mind that the riders were gentlemen, and Dr. Maclean rode 7lbs. over weight without his saddle. A protest to the Stewards' decision was entered, and we cannot avoid expressing a hope that the objection will be over-ruled by application to the proper quarter, the more so as Sir Lionel, if we mistake not, reached the winning post ere his competitor was within a distance.

Next came the Pony Race, for which there were four entries, and resulted as follows:—

Lieut. Smith's (56th Regt.) *Creeper*	1	1
Lieut. Trapaud's *Victoria*	2	2
Capt. Wragg's *Jim Crow*	dis	
Mr. Parker's *Velocipede*	dis	

Time, 2:21—2:07—2:12. * Not placed.

The last race was a Sweepstakes, Two miles out, to which there were three subscribers:—

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Lady Emily*, late Popalina	1
Lieut. Mallet's *Olivia*	2
Lieut. Findlay's *Greyhound*	3

Time, 4:10.

This was a splendid race, and well contested. Olivia took the lead at the start, but was passed within the first quarter by Lady Emily. Greyhound kept a good place, and at the third quarter of the first mile was 2d, and looked as though he was bent upon winning. Lady Emily, however, proved too nimble; she won the race held hard in hand.

Thursday, Nov. 2—The Ladies' Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of 5*l.* each; 3 subs. Two mile heats.

Lieut. Mallet's *Olivia*	1
Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	2
Lieut. Fosbrooke's *Slow Coach*	dist.

Time, 4:36.

Sir Lionel was well up in both miles, and we presume his *gallantry* did not permit him to pass the Lady—at any rate, he did not run so well as on the first day. We heard an opinion expressed that he was badly jockied.

The Garrison Stakes of 5*l.* each, P.P., added to a Purse of 40*l.* Three subscribers.

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) *Sir Lionel*	1	1
Dr. Maclean's *Lady Emily*	2	dr
Mr. Parker's *Magic*	dist	

Time not given.

The two latter were "post entries," paying double entrance.

Pony Match—Two miles.

Mr. Archer's *Frank*	1
Lieut. Trapaud's *Symmetry*	dist.

Time, 4:15.

The course to-day was better attended than yesterday, and presented a very animating scene. There was one or two personages who made a somewhat extraordinary appearance. None, however, attracted greater attention than a well-dressed "John Canoe," with particularly precious whiskers, mustaches, and imperial, mounted on a quadruped of the true Rosinante breed.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Sweepstakes of 5*l.* each, added to a Purse of 30*l.* Mile heats.

Olivia	1	1
Sir Lionel	2	2
Slow Coach	dist.	

Time, 2:00—2:01.

This was a splendid race: every inch of ground was contested. Sir Lionel and Olivia kept close together; indeed, in the second quarter of the first heat both horses might have been covered with a blanket; and we are inclined to coincide with the views of an experienced sportsman, who said, "the mare owed her victory to the superior jockeyship of her rider, and that with another rider the colt must have won the second heat." It is, however, but justice to state, that Dr. Maclean, the rider of Sir Lionel, never rode a race until the present meeting; that he did so at the solicitation of his friend Lieut. Smith, who, unless the Doctor had acquiesced, would have been unable to run his horse for want of a rider.

Pony Match for 50*l.* a-side, One mile out.

Lieut. Smith's (64th Regt.) b. m. *Creeper*	1
Mr. Parker's ch. g. *Velocipede*	2

Time, 2:01.

Sweepstakes—Half a mile.

Lady Emily	1
Crosley (post entry)	2
Greyhound	3
Ali Bey (post entry)	4

Time not given.

As may be supposed, running was made from the post. Lady Emily and Ali Bey seemed to have no idea of stopping, and were with difficulty brought up after running a mile and a quarter.

Victoria and Greyhound afterwards started, but we are not aware for what purpose, unless it was wished to do cover if the latter could perform a mile whilst the former was doing half the distance.

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Would be far preferable to the nightingale's song, in notes of slavery,
Or the melting notes of Corelli, in cities clanking in chains."

I love the names of those *high-souled* heroes, who bared their bosoms to the shafts of *lightning*, and sank down under the iron storm of battle. The names of such men as Warren and Montgomery, and the gallant spirits that nobly sustained them in the fierce contest, and fell at the head of their companies in their prime of glory, permit me to record, or rather *transcribe*, the names of Hendricks and Cheesman—McPherson and Carlton, who fell on "*their high places*;" I say, such names constitute *a legacy* with which freemen *will not* consent to part. What, sir, deprive a patriot of the genuine "*amor patriæ*," you take from the shipmaster both chart and compass—yea, and anchor too—and then *he sails* over the vast of waters, tempest-tost, and driven. If you *rob* the soldier of his *good* name, which he has earned in fighting the battles of his country, to secure the liberties and privileges we enjoy, in so doing, we *paralyse* his manly arm, that was ready to strike, and tear away his helmet, making him bare *his* head to the *gashing* steel of your foes. I was early taught to respect, yea, to venerate the fathers of the revolution—and the soldiers of liberty, most of whom have gone ————. And the honored few that survive, "like the leaves of the sybils, are the more precious, by reason of the scarcity." And shall we, or any man that claims a *woman for his mother*, and liberty as a birthright, be found in the ranks of such as calumniate and slander, *tatter, scalp and scald* the reputation and sacred honor of such men and heroes, as Washington and Hamilton—Warren and Montgomery—Green and Lafayette—Laurens and *De Kalb—Wayne* and *Jackson!!* If there be such *wretches* in *Church* or *State*, I say, "*let them be anamatha, maranatha;*"—let these be *accursed* when the Lord cometh. You, see, friend P., what a race my Pegasus has run; and all seems to have been suggested by the impression, that I have somehow received, that you are *an Irishman*; and if, in this, I am in error, you must do, as I sometimes have to do, i. e. forgive those who trespass against me when they repent and confess: and, if after waiting a while for this confession, and they still neglect this, *their duty*, I forgive them *any how*; but I take care *how* I let them *surround* me next time. I had ridden thus far on my *charger*, over woodland and waste, hills and dales, the rugged mountains and sandy plains, when my ear was saluted, near the "*Banks of the Hudson*," with strains, soft as ever *strayed* from an Æolian harp—it was the voice of Montgomery, taking leave of the *endearments* of home. The *parting words* only are submitted:

"Ye scenes where homefelt pleasures dwell—
And thou, my *dearer-self*, farewell;
Perhaps the *cypress*, only tree
Of all these groves shall follow me."

I was about to *dash the tear* from my brimful eye—clapping spurs to my *gallant steed*—(he is Medley and Pacolet stock)—to join the *marching* columns with Montgomery, when, *suddenly*, my little whiteheaded boy, rising three years old, rushed into my room, and fearlessly *strutted* up to my side, and claimed audience—and a kiss on his blooming cheek—then away he scampered, like a frolicksome, *thorough-bred colt!* And when I looked again, my *Bucephalus* was gone; and instead of the bloody field, and the marching cohorts of Montgomery, I found *my eye* resting upon a green wheat lot, and a *flock* of domestic poultry picking off the tender spears—the promise of the coming harvest. So much for the power wielded over us by the charms of *infancy* and *innocence*. I know not what I should have done, *friend P.*, had it not been for the last No. of your paper, that of the 25*th Nov.*, to which I had recourse to see if I could not regain my Pegasus, when my eye was attracted by the word "*Carran*," that heads one of the *best* things of the kind I have seen: I would recommend *all* your readers, and correspondents too, to look at it, and I think they will agree with me, that *such* articles are worth a *thousand* "*vulgarities* and *profanities*," such as sometimes find their way to the *reading* public through the columns of respectable news journals; but, in a great sheet, there will be seen "*some creeping things*" as well as four-footed beasts and "*fowls of the air*."—Pardon this digression, friend P., for I would as soon run against a bag of *screw augers*, or be visited by the *night mare*, as to *incur* the displeasure, and receive the strokes of *the hammer* of "*Pete Wheatstone*." It may be thought by some that an *apology* is due to the *orthodox* cited from one that *serves the altar*, for rearing and selling genuine "thorough-breds," the descendants of the *first* children of the desert. I would here remark, that I look upon them as the creatures of God; and if *He* did not think them *unworthy* of his *creative* energy, and preserving care, I should suppose that a *good* man might cherish them as specimens of his *workmanship*, and thereby become *schooled* to *admire and adore*. Who ever saw the majestic lion, the bounding stag—*antlered* monarch of the herd—or the towering eagle that sports with the tempest, and soars to the sun, and did not feel a *throb* of inspiration thrilling through his heart? and can we thus eulogize "*the wild beasts* and fowls of the air," and have no eye to see, no heart to admire that *generous and docile* creature, *the horse?* Why so? Next to a well-bred gentleman, and a *virtuous* lady, and *pretty children*, give me a *fine horse!*—one that paws the earth, and *shakes the thunder* of his neck—whose "neighing is authoritative as a monarch's bidding, and whose countenance inspires homage." But I am afraid that you are a *bachelor*, friend *P.*, and therefore *do not* understand the *witchery* of children. Now, if you are not "*a sure enough*" father, I entreat you to marry, and thereby leave *a legacy* to your *adopted* country. You see, I still consider you as "*hailing* from the Emerald Isle. If you publish this, I will send the list of blood stock in my next, which will be by friend Amos' "Express Mail." Very respectfully,

H. M. Cayer.

P.S. I beg leave *now* to admit, that we have all along been mistaken relative to the *identity* of Barry's Grey Medley; and I think it is due *to myself*, as well as to the many that own *stock*, derived from the *Tonson* branch of the Pacolet family, to explain *how* this error became so current in Va. and Tennessee. In the Fall of 25 or 7 my friend, G. W. Jeffreys, of Person Co., N. Car., the "*Author of the Annals of the Turf*," gave me a copy of the pedigree of *Grey Medley*, a horse that stood in Hanover Co., Va., many years ago at a Mr. White's, saying (as he *doubtless* believed) that this was Barry's Medley—as it was understood that Dr. Barry purchased the horse in Va.; and thus it has been applied in the advertisements of "The Four Tennessee Brothers" ever since. But I have been persuaded for some time that the pedigree furnished by friend *Jeffreys*, was the pedigree of *White's* Medley, and that Barry's *Medley*—the sire of the *great* dam of Monsieur Tonson, was *bred*, raised and *raced* by Beckwith Butler, of Tappahannock Co., Va. I have a newspaper spread out before me of *March 20th*, 1799, called "State Gazette and Knoxville Register," printed in Knoxville, State of Tennessee. In this newspaper Dr. R. D. Barry advertised "Grey Medley for the season of 1799, to stand at the Brother's Cottage, adjoining Knoxville, the seat of Dr. Claiborne." Pedigree is thus worded: "Grey Medley was got by the famous imp. horse Medley, his dam by True Whig, out an *imported* mare (it should have been his grandam by Ariel, out of an imported mare), and his g. grandam by Ariel." This correction I have adopted, as suggested by Mr. Thos. Barry, and is in perfect accordance with the account given of Mr. Beckwith Butler's stock, in the Turf Register. See vol. i., page 572—Circe, by Ariel, out of the imp. mare Lady Northumberland, &c., &c., all good *and true*. Here follows the account of Medley's performances on the turf.—

"These are to certify that Mr. Beckwith Butler's grey horse, Medley, won this day's purse, at this place, on the *thirteenth* day of May, 1795, beating Mr. Temple's horse Wildair, Mr. Hoskins' horse Charming Fellow, Mr. Taylor's *Wedding Day*, and Mr. Jones' horse Jolly Roger. And the said horse, Medley, was then four years old. Given under my hand, at Tappahannock, Va., this 23d day of *Nov.*, '97. Lawrence Muse, Secretary and Treasurer to the Tappahannock Jockey Club."

"I do certify that I saw this race run—that Medley then ran as a four years old. John Taylor.

Mount Airy, Virginia, Nov. 23, 1797."

The above, I think, places the stock on *high* ground, so far as the Medley cross is concerned; and I hope you will serve the public by giving it a place in your columns. I would further remark, that my friend, *G. B. Williams*, of Gallatin, Tenn., saith that the *dam* of *Top Gallant* produced a colt by imp. *Diomed*, which horse was called "*Blount's Big Diomed*." This horse, said Mr. Williams, made a season at or near *Sparta, Hancock Co.*, Georgia, many years ago. And it may be that some friend in that region may serve the public interest by sending to you, sir, or me, or some of the owners of Tonson stock, the *extended* pedigree of the dam of Top Gallant—Judge Blount's fine bay mare. I hope for "*more* light" on this subject.

Such a steed as Sharke or Mingo would find comfortable quarters in my State the ensuing Spring, and make their owners 5 or $6000 *neat revenue*, perhaps.—Let me *hear from those* that control them soon. H. M. C.

Blood Stock owned by Hall Cryer, near Gallatin, Tenn.

1. Bay stallion Saxe Weimar, full sixteen hands high, and full brother to Kosciusko and Crusader, got by Sir Archie, dam Col. Singleton's favorite Old Lottery, by imp. Bedford. Saxe is one of the *purest* bred horses in any country; I own two thirds of half of him.
2. Ellen Wade, a dark bay mare, 7 years old last March—a beautiful creature, possessing the most graceful action. She was got by Stockholder, and is one of the produce of Lady Tonson, the dam of the "*Four Tennessee Brothers*."
3. Fanny Love, a bay filly, 3 years old last grass, of fair size and good proportions, got by Crusader, out of *Bernice*, another of the produce of Madame Tonson, got by *Sir Archie, Jun., a thorough-bred* son of the *celebrated* Sir Archie; both Ellen and Fanny are with foal by the *imp. stallion* Luzborough.
4. Melville, a beautiful dark iron gr. colt, 2 years old last April, got by the *lamented Sir Richard*, son of Pacolet; his dam is Bernice, as above.
5. *Sawarrow*, a bay colt, 3 years old last Spring, large and likely; but was injured in the hams when a suckling, so that he never can figure on *the race course*, but will be *a very* desirable stock horse, got by Saxe Weimar—and is out of the dam of *Messrs. Kirkman* and Dickerson's *Wacousta*, perhaps the *best* game colt of the get of imp. Leviathan. She was by Tennessee Oscar*—imp. *Candelion*—imp. Saltram—Wildair, &c. &c., tracing to Greenwill's imp. mare. See Lady Bedford's pedigree. This fine colt is the joint property of *H. Creight* and the undersigned, and we would be willing to give him *in exchange* for a *first Jack*, or good *milch* cows of the short horned *Durham breed*.
6. *Livingston*, a ch. colt, that has been *known* and exhibited as the *first* favorite at one and two years old, bearing off two *silver* cups, under the names of *Col. Benton* and *Jasper*; but having sold *a half interest* in him to Messrs. Peyton and Wooding—names famous on the turf and in Congress—it appears that *my partners would wish* all "*unconstitutional*" names *expunged*, and the name *Livingston* restored to the register; and I am *one of those good-natured, kind-hearted* souls, (pardon me for telling it, Mr. P.), thinking that a rose would smell as *sweet by any other name*, therefore, be it known to all whom it has does now, or ever shall concern, that we do *most sincerely* resolve, and *unanimously* agree, that the said ch. colt *shall*, henceforth, and for ever, be *known and called* by the name of *Livingston*.

This is what *a psalm singer* would call *harmonizing* all the parts. Said colt was 4 years old the 15th day of last May, and is *one* of the *most* promising for a *stallion and stock horse* I know in the West. He is large, full 16 hands high, handsome and blood-like, without white, except a star on his forehead; got by Crusader out of Patty Puff, the dam of Angora: Patty Puff was by Pacolet, out of Rosey Clack by imp. Sultana—and she out of Camilla by Melzar, a thorough-bred son of imp. Medley—and she out of Jett by Haynes' Fannap—and she out of Diana by Claudius—and she out of Sally Painter, the daughter of the imp. mare Silver, and got by the imp. horse Evans' Sterling, both he and Silver being got by the Belsize Arabian. I would ask if there is any thing *better* than what is to be found in the *pedigree of Livingston?* If there is, I do not know where to find it, this side Noah's ark, that is said to have contained a *pair* of the oriental breed—genuine Arabians, I suppose—that were deemed *more worthy* of preservation than many *antediluvian sinners* whose race was cut short by being drowned in the flood. I will stop, friend P., lest you conclude that my pen is like the tongue of a worthy politician, *tied* (not cut) *in the middle, and talks with both ends*. May the blessings of a good wife rest upon, and abide with you all *this winter*.—"So mote it be." Your friend, H. M. Cayer.

* I have to ask a favor of some of your numerous readers and correspondents, that some one of them will please to give me the pedigree of a certain a-rel mare that was the property of the late David Weeks, of Louisiana when he died—at that time in the care of Capt. Alfred H. Douglass, of Gallatin, Tenn., who was breeding her to Leviathan on the shores with said Weeks. Said mare is 8 or 9 years old, I suppose; about 5 feet 3 inches high, of fine form, with a silky suit of hair, and splendid mane and tail, of dark red color; both her hind feet are white, which extend above the ancles. It is said that she was got by Col. Weeks by some friends in Va., and sent to him as a thoroughbred filly at 2 or 3 years old. Col. Weeks told Col. Elliott that she was got by Sir Charles. She looks very like the stock; she has produced two foals by Leviathan, and one by Luzborough, and is with foal by Luzborough again. Any gentleman that will authenticate the pedigree of this fine mare, will confer a special favor on the undersigned, and greatly oblige those who own her produce. Direct your letter to *H. M. Cryer*, Gallatin, Tenn., or publish it in the "Spirit of the Times." H. M. C.

* Oscar was by *Wonder*, the son of imp. Diomed, out of *Rosey Clack*.

Note by the Editor.

It is due to the source whence the above singular communication emanates, to give it entire, and if it affords our readers half the pleasure it has done ourselves, they will only wish it even longer.

It is presumed that most of the readers of the Spirit of the Times need not to be set right as to one error into which Mr. Cryer has fallen, touching the origin of its editor. Some one has misinformed him, in representing us to him as an Irishman. We profess to be thorough-bred Yankee, tracing through a line of the stout, honest-running sort, to English imported stock. And, with God's aid, we will not shame our origin.

But could any strain in the blood of our sires be other than it is, we should prefer of all things that it should be an Irish cross. An Irish gentleman, in our eyes, is a gentleman the wide world over; for we have ever found him candid and generous, clever and brave;—full of enthusiasm in every good cause, and unfounded in his devotion to the sex. And what more would you have a man? Mr. Cryer may feel assured that that portion of his communication could in no shape have given us offence.

We shall ponder deeply over another portion of his letter, for we begin to be seriously sick of this state of celibacy. But whenever we resolve to move in such a matter, Mr. Weller's warning voice rings in the ears of our imagination. But we will ponder.

English Sporting Intelligence.

The following horses have recently been bought by Mr. Lichwald, to go abroad:—Olympus; colt by Brutandorf, dam by Whisker, out of Voltaire's dam; the Shah; Gilder; Pharo-up; Amesbury; Lara; Tarce, covered by Langar; Nosegay, covered by Camel; f. by Tartar, out of Martha, covered by Camel; f. by Terrare, out of Crutch's dam; gr. m. by Blacklock; Chrystal, covered by Glaucus; Armenia; Trick, covered by Nonsense; Lady Blanch, covered by Camel; Misfortune, covered by Sir Hercules; Sister to Voltaire, covered by Plenipo; Screamer, covered by Glaucus; Maria, covered by Actæon; Agnes; Polly Peachum; bk. m. by Waterloo (Dromio's dam) covered by Plenipotentiary; Eliza Thornville; b. m. by Winkbone (sister to Alice), covered by Camel; Waltz, covered by Launcelot; b. m. by Morisco, out of Scornful, covered by Camel; Gretna Green, covered by Rockingham; colt by Emilius, out of Octaviana; gr. h. Bacchus, by Whalebone; colt by Dr. Syntax, dam by Blacklock; colt by Muley, out of Marvel's dam; filly by Muley, out of Young Duchess; filly by Bustard, out of Diversity; filly by Longwaist, dam by Muley, out of Rosanne; filly by Muley, out of Young Mignonette.

The Waterloo Shield.—The model of this splendid piece of plate, the gift of Lord George Bentinck, which was run for at Goodwood races, arrived from Italy on Friday, and is now at Messrs. Storr and Mortimer's, in Bond-street.—It is in plaister, and faithfully preserves the drawing of Mr. Howard, the academician, by whom it has been seen and highly approved. No time will now be lost in completing this magnificent prize.

The match between Cantarine and Balloon is postponed to the first week in December; it will be run at Epsom. A match for 100*l.* a side, is made between Capt. Best's bk. d. Spider and Mr. Chordley's bk. b. Cobweb, to come off at Epsom, Nov. 22.

The Royal Stud.—It having been asserted that the best of the royal stud were sold to commissioners and agents, I beg to inform you that such statement was not correct, as Fleur-de-Lys, Wings, Young Mouse, and Iearia, were bought by M. Auguste Lupin, a gentleman well known in Paris and on the turf.—[Was not Mr. Lupin an agent?]

Trotting at Camberwell.—The trotting match for a Silver Cup, given by Mr. Hall of Camberwell, came off on Monday. The afternoon was extremely unfavorable, but despite of the soaking showers, a goodly sprinkle of the "right sort" assembled to witness the race; and a good fire, some choice wines, and an excellent billiard table, in the pavilion, enabled the party to pass away the time pleasantly until the bell sounded for the "jocks" to bring out their respective nags. As the winners of the cups in the racing which took place on a former occasion were not allowed to start, and the unpropitious state of the weather keeping back other well known trotters, only three came out to the scratch.—The match was in heats, four times round the course, about one mile in each heat. The result was:—

Mr. Collins's Moss Rose	1	1
Mr. Munday's Jack	2	2
Mr. Tapping's Taffy	3	3

The betting was in favor of Moss Rose, but many took the other two against her. In the first race the three went off well together, but Moss Rose and Jack soon shook off Taffy, and an excellent race ensued between the two, till Jack broke, when Moss Rose went in advance, and won easily. Taffy took the lead for about half-way round in the second heat, but the others soon left him in the rear, and Moss Rose ultimately won in gallant style. The winner never broke once throughout the match, and the splendid manner in which she kept at her work was greatly admired by all on the ground. Taffy was badly jockied: in fact, the "General," as he is called, who mounted him, afforded the spectators a fund of amusement by his queer horsemanship. We would advise this "rummy" looking jock to stick to galloping, for he appears not to have the slightest notion of trotting. After the match the Cup was presented to the winner in the presence of a "right merrie" and convivial party, who kept the song and bottle going till a late period of the evening.

A match took place last week from Whitechapel to Romford and back, Mr. Boswell of the former place undertaking to ride an old horse the distance in two hours. He won the match, and had four or five minutes to spare.

Trotting.—On Wednesday a trotting match for 10 sovs. aside came off on the road leading from Colchester to Kelvedon, five miles out and five miles in, between a bay mare, the property of Mr. James Folkhard, of West Bergholt, and a chesnut mare belonging to Mr. T. Collins, of Colchester. The match was made to trot in harness, the owners to drive. It created considerable interest, from the well known speed and mettle on both sides, and a great number of persons assembled to witness the match. It was extremely well contested till within the last four miles, when Mr. Folkhard's mare took the lead, and won cleverly, heading her opponent at coming in about a quarter of a mile. She performed the ten miles in 44 minutes.

Pedestrianism.—Match against Time.—A match of two miles, against time, was run on Tuesday, in the Long Walk, Windsor. The party backed, was a man well known as the Ascott Shepherd, who has repeatedly distinguished himself in pedestrian feats. On the present occasion he was backed for 50*l.* to do the two miles in ten minutes and a half. The start took place from the upper end of the Long Walk towards Windsor, the ground being undulating and bad; and the Shepherd, being decidedly out of condition, took 12 minutes and four seconds to complete his task, thereby giving time the victory. Time was backed, at starting, at five to four. The Shepherd caught a cold a week back, from which he had not recovered, otherwise his friends were very confident of his powers.

On Tuesday last the Aerotomentarian Society met at their private ground, on the Wormwood Scrubs, to contend for their Gold Medal, commencing at 300 yards from the target: considering the boisterous state of the weather, the shooting was excellent. After a severe struggle the prize was awarded to Mr. Betts, striking 18 out of the 24 shots allowed to each competitor, of which four were bull's-eyes. An elegant medal has lately been presented to the corps by Barber Bourmont, Esq., commemorative of its establishment in 1808 by Mr. T. Riviere (by whose exertions it has continued to the present day), from the Duke of Cumberland's sharpshooters, established by this gentleman in 1803. Great praise is due to Mr. Bourmont for the spirited manner in which he has always come forward in support of rifle practice, both in time of danger, when our country was threatened with invasion, and in time of peace for the further improvement of the practice.

Pigeon Shooting.—A match took place on Thursday, at the Eagle, Snaresbrook, between two young sprigs, well known in the Whitechapel road, at seven birds each. The dark young gentleman, who is familiarly called "the Black Boy," was the winner, he killing six, and his opponent five. Lots of friends were present, and a sporting landlord, who is no unlike the late Tom Guyser, and who resides nearly opposite the Pavilion Theatre, received an ugly knock in the face, by his gun kicking while shooting "high up" at a bird. In the evening a jovial lot sat down to a substantial spread, at the house of the landlord alluded to, and the evening passed off merrily. Several other matches were made, to come off within a fortnight.

Foot Race of One Hundred Yards.—The "win, tye, or bring it to a wrangle" system was pursued to some extent in the match of last Monday, between Hodges and the Kent-road champion. The friends of the latter are not the sort to throw dence ace, and, as sporting men, they are looked cruel-judges; but on this occasion they wanted to have it a little too much their own way, without any reference to the ordinary rules of sporting. Hodges was the winner of the match against young Sharpe, the pupil of Townsend; and the Kent-road man was considered the best man in that part of the world. He was certainly "chaunted" enough, but got hold of a customer he little dreamed of. Chapel was chosen umpire, and he and Keasley, of the Crown and Sceptre, measured the ground on the Vauxhall-bridge road. The disparity in size between the two men was wonderful; it was a horse to a hen in favor of the Kent-road man. Although the rain descended in torrents there was an immense assemblage. There was one false start, and then they went away well together. Hodges took the lead, and made some beautiful play, and held the foremost place well. On arriving within two or three yards of the winning place, the Kent-road man pushed Hodges on one side with his hand, in order to pass him, and Hodges fell with terrific force across the winning-mark. The other passed the handkerchief, but fell behind him. The Kent-readers concluded that Hodges did not touch the handkerchief, and that his falling across the mark was not winning the match.—They also refused to give up the money on the score that their man could not pass him without pushing him out of the way. There is not a question of doubt that Hodges won, and won fairly; the chosen umpire so decides it; but the stakes are withheld. Mr. W. must know that he lost.

Sporting in Van Dieman's Land.—On Saturday, April 18th, a humble, though meritorious imitation of the sports so famous in England, was for the first time attempted in this part of the world, and the great mass of the inhabitants being totally ignorant of what they were about to witness, the number of spectators that eagerly flocked to the ground was exceedingly numerous. The races were run by ponies, which exhibited unequivocal signs of true English blood. One beautiful little black animal, called Bobby, the property of Mr. Tomnson, was declared to be a direct descendant from the illustrious Eclipse, and accordingly became an object of great interest. There were three entries—the first a silver cup, value 30*l.*; the second a cup, with a purse added; and the third a sweepstakes for a hurdle race. The running for each was excellent. At the conclusion of the races, shooting matches commenced at birds from a trap, of a species between the magpie and pigeon, the wings being of a bright violet color, and a tuft of golden color on the breast. The sports concluded with wrestling and single stick. The utmost order prevailed throughout the day, and the whole of the spectators expressed their gratification at the scene they had witnessed; particularly some of the aboriginal natives, who were on the ground in their wild and romantic-looking dresses, and who appeared to enter into the spirit of the sports, and more especially the wrestling and single stick.

Extract of a letter from Launceston.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE FIRST.—TATTERSALL'S

Sheridan's elegant definition of true courage [wit?] requires that it be as polished as it is keen: those who make "satire their weapon" are wont to bestow all their care upon the gloss, neglecting both its edge and point. Writers of this class are ever prodigal of generalities. Horace, the courtier, lampooned mankind in the mass, but was especially cautious in eschewing all that tended towards personality. His no less courtly disciple of Twickenham compounded, through the medium of convenient asterisks, between his sincerity and his good-breeding. It is true, indeed, that in a well-turned couplet he declared,

"I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not?"

Yet, obedient to the professional polish of all his tribe, we find in the sequel, that, to quote his own words against him, he

"Arraigned no mightier thief than wretched Wild."

Shakspeare, no mean authority, tells us that the noblest purpose of the stage is "to hold the mirror up to nature." That which the drama was, the press is. The influence of theatrical representations has decreased in the proportion that the taste for literary pursuits has advanced. Lessons on the social economy are not now learnt in places of public resort, but in the closet. All who write, whether for instruction or entertainment, should have this ever before them. Of all social engines, the pen is the most powerful; let the man who ventures to assume it remember, that he has put his hand to the plough, and that he may not look back.

If it be requisite, in the ordinary business of life, guarded as it is by legislative enactments, and entered upon and pursued with the mind collected and circumspect, that those with whom we deal, should possess characters for probity and uprightness, how infinitely more essential is it that they among whom we are thrown in moments of excitement, and with whom we speculate, rest upon the security of their honor solely, should be of unquestionable faith and unsullied reputation! Yet the precise opposite of this is the every-day practice in sporting life. Of the great land-owners, for instance, who assemble weekly at Tattersall's, is there one who would accept a tenant (however he might show himself able to stock his land, and enter upon his farm like a man of substance) without a reference as to character and general repute? and of these, is there one, who, if it suited his book, would hesitate to traffic with the blackest Leg that ever waddled into the subscription room? How inexplicable is it that, while the very air of the stable has the reputation of making men more cunning and astute than their fellows, the Turf holds out advantages to the cheat, to be found in no other human occupation. Men of straw, here is your El Dorado! Come here and turn your tens of thousands without as much coined money in possession as would pay toll for your walking-sticks. Here ye need never lack gold in your pockets, so long as ye have brass in your faces! What for kneel ye, that woo the blind goddess, at altars of red and black, where none are admitted but the bearers of burnt offerings? here you may speculate your fill, and return again when the offerings are to be made—if ye have to receive them!

Metropolitan life was never so distinguished by the general luxury of its accompaniments as at the present day. Passing by the Magnates, who were always exalted, we find the middle classes associating in clubs of regal magnificence, and the costermonger repairing for his gin or "heavy" to a "palace." Amid this universal taste for the splendid and the convenient, where are we to look for the solitary exception? Where least we should expect it. The leaders of *ton*, the lofty of birth, the profuse of treasure, in pursuit of their pleasures gathered together in a stable yard, surrounded by a wall rideable without let or modification save the possession of whole garments. Surely this is a condition likely much longer to be suffered in a period of such enlightened refinement as this; better things are in store and cannot long be withheld. Why should there not be a Turf Club established, not upon an exclusive principle, but, on the contrary, as liberal as the respectability of such a society would admit? Even the Jockey Club is without a *rendezvous* in London. There cannot be a doubt that the members of that most influential sporting association would support and patronise any plan, having for its object the character of that great National Sport, in behalf of which they are considered in so honorable a league. It is true, that as a convenience for themselves they need not the establishment of any new Club, Brooks's, White's, and all the aristocratic trystings in St. James', bringing them together sufficiently for their individual purposes; but the cause would benefit by it, and that would be motive enough. What would operate as a more wholesome check upon the schemes got up at remote distances from the metropolis for Turf robbery and sporting cheats of all descriptions, than a focus where the sporting news from every district would necessarily converge, while it would be canvassed and tested by those whose local knowledge would enable them to throw the fairest light upon all its bearings? What could so surely advance the true objects of sporting as a *rendezvous*, where all its sons might meet as occasion permitted, either to propose their plans for the protection or furtherance of its interests, or merely for the purposes of good fellowship? I offer the hint, and how sincerely it will rejoice me to see it taken up by those who have but to propose it to ensure its success!

I have alluded to the Jockey Club, and the great influence possessed by it—there cannot be a better opportunity than ere I take my leave of Tattersall's, to give expression to an opinion which very many of the best friends of the Turf entertain in common with myself, upon the system pursued by that distinguished society in regulating the leading business of racing, which is now entirely within its control, and which is made a precedent for Turf practice in every part of the kingdom. At Newmarket the power possessed by it over all racing details is despotic: the heath rented from the Duke of Portland is exclusively under its dominions. *There* if wrong exist, it does so by voluntary consent; there the Jockey Club possesses unlimited authority, and all should be regulated so as to confer a local dignity, and diffuse a wholesome example. It is much to be regretted that, excellent as the laws of racing emanating from it are admitted to be, they do not include enactments for preventing, insofar as well as suggesting remedies. Why does not a rule like this preface the Racing Code?—"No persons shall be permitted to race a horse, or horses, at Newmarket, either in their own names, or those of other individuals, *who are known to practise any unlawful calling;* neither shall *menial servants* be allowed to start any horses named by themselves, or any for them, under any circumstances whatever." This is not only warranted, but enforced by the legitimate purpose of racing, which is two-fold,—to minister to the service of an important branch of rural economy, and to afford a sound and healthy mean of public relaxation. How is the first of these likely to be promoted by allowing professional gamblers—men actually under indictment as public rogues and cheats—to purchase horses and run them "any how," according to their several necessities,—or the latter, I would fain to know, to be accomplished, by exhibiting the nobles of the land engaged in a contest for money with their own or their friends' domestics! Is it supposed that I am putting an extreme case? There was one race only at Newmarket in the present month, the list of which contained not less than six horses, the property of persons precisely in the condition of those above specified. What magic can have brought it to pass that, at the spot of all others to the land where the aristocracy "most do congregate," there we find realized all that the wildest visions of democracy ever "raved" of when she dreamt?

No more eventful or instructive volume could be compiled than that which should contain a faithful record of the lives of those who during the last twenty years, have "*fretted* their hour" at Hyde Park Corner, and "now are seen no more." Over that period my memory extends; and how many a rise and fall does it furnish the sad experience! Akin as the sudden and ridiculous have been pronounced, they are far from being as nearly related as the pathetic and absurd. More than in any condition of fortune, this will be found in the casualties of sporting life. Many of its changes are so like the tricks of long romance, that they outstrip any thing attempted by modern fiction. How often have I seen just before the Derby day, standing in the midst of the busy crowds at Tattersall's, and looking as if he had fallen from the clouds, a little fat *rond*, the picture of dissipation and devilment, well known upon the Irish Turf—though his racing name had never extended here. His name was Irwin—"Commodore Irwin," as he was always designated,—but for what cause I am unable to state, unless from his having run away from home when a boy, and passing some years in the capacity of cabin-boy in a merchantman. He had passed through all the vicissitudes of a gambler's life, in all their extremes, beyond arithmetical calculation. To-day you meet him in the streets of Dublin in rags, and without shoe or stocking; to-morrow, driving his coach and four. This is not meant figuratively, but as the plain fact. An episode in his career, for the truth of which I pledge myself, will tolerably illustrate the affinity in sporting life between the pathetic and absurd.

A long run of ill luck had produced more than the ordinary wretchedness with which it was generally accompanied. Not only had it left him pennyless, but he had given a bill of sale for his furniture, and his family were without a bed to lie on—chair or table—the last indeed no great loss, inasmuch as they were without anything to put upon it. In fact, they were in a state of actual starvation, for credit and the commodore had long ceased to be on visiting terms, when the Sligo races (in the neighborhood of which town his "place" was situated) arrived. Thitherward he instinctively steered, as he said himself, "with a tear in his eye like a widow's pig." The races lasted two days, and upon the morning of the third, while his miserable wife stood watching for his return, and vainly striving to appease her famishing children that were crying for bread (or rather potatoes), suddenly there hove in sight the most unearthly cavalcade that ever presented itself to a distressed mother. First came a hearse and four, driven by her lost, quite as drunk as any of that degree were seen since the establishment of the excise. Beside him sate a piper (ditto) in a winding-sheet, performing Patrick's day with an emphasis known only to drone and chanter. On the roof of the "Body Bus" were seated several friends of the family, in comic jocund states of elevation, while two mourning coaches and pair, full in and out, closed the procession. The commodore had returned with his pockets lined with prize money, the hearse and trimmings being the *spolia opima* of a sporting undertaker whom he had turned inside out, and, in his own phrase, "left as clane as a horse's head at a bonfire."

The commodore had a contemporary (as far merely as his eccentricities went) on the Irish Turf, of whom a word *en passant*. Lieutenant Holman, the blind traveller, did not select a pursuit more whimsically in reference to natural fitness, than did Fitzmaurice Caldwell when he pitched upon the Turf. From the first of his connexion with racing he possessed no more *personal control* than if his body had belonged to the Grand Lama of Thibet. He was a sore stumbling-block to the aphorism that asserts "There never was a will but there was a way." God knows he was *wilful* enough but as for a *way*, he could not accomplish more in that line than the rock of Gibraltar. In fact, he was more than half a fossil, the gout having turned his larger moiety into chalk. It is not a subject to treat so lightly, for the agonies I have seen him endure were enough to melt a heart of stone; indeed, how he bore them I know not, except that the greater proportion of him *was* stone.

It was under one of those tremendous paroxysms, of which I have spoken, that I saw him exhibit in a fashion that would have provoked a *guffaw* under the ribs of death. During one of the Curragh meetings he was seated in his phaeton, and I marked his writhing, while the gout was seething his marrow like a red iron. It was terrible to look upon him! the sweat of agony ran boiling down his temples. I gazed upon him as I might upon the victim of an *auto da fe*: it made my flesh creep—when suddenly I heard him roar out "Where's my pony?—will nobody put me on my pony? and he swore as those alone can swear who have practised under a boatswain (he, too, was of the sea-service). The motive for the outcry was that he might accompany a favorite horse to the starting post, the horses of his phaeton having been taken off. Presently after an energy of speech which I had never heard equalled, "the steed was brought." Already some of his considerate friends had lifted him out of his carriage, and having hoisted him into the saddle—*with his face to the tail*, they bestowed a few such complimentary visits upon the galloway's crupper and ribs that sent him with yards square before the wind at twenty knots an hour. Crukshank would have thrown away his pencil in despair had he attempted the scene that followed. Never shall I forget it. As he flew past me I made a rush at the animal's head, and I should have succeeded but that the sight was too much for me—all that I ever imagined of the absurd since the creation was there passing me at one fell swoop. My limbs refused their office, I was rivetted to the spot, and exploded in a delirium of laughter that wellnigh slew me where I stood! and oh! the fiery glance of the distracted pedagrist! the scowl of Medusa compared with it would have been a seraph's smile. On, on he dashed, swearing, praying, gnashing his teeth—clenching his hands, lurching from side to side, making minaudian faces and horrific gestures till all was lost in distance. How he preserved his seat was miraculous. One of the Curragh boys was at my side as he galloped past—at first he seemed to expect a *split* every moment, but as he continued his course still keeping his saddle, the native thus soliloquized:—"By the good daylight, I believe he's used to it—ah! *by J——s, it's not the first time that he rode with his behind before!*"

As I never enter Tattersal's, so neither can I write the word, without recalling the memory of him with whom all my sporting associations are so intimately blended: in whom I possessed the most valued of my companions, and lost the warmest of my friends,—poor Mytton! To all the sporting world his name is familiar as a household word, and his eccentricities are quoted when anything without a parallel needs illustration. Through cut off in the flower of his prime at little more than half the span allotted to ordinary life, he had lived more, probably, than any man who had counted a century. When his companions and equals in years were boys, and treated as such, young Mytton was already invested with the prerogatives of manhood; premature in all physical properties, he had beside an unlimited command of money, and with an ardor of temperament blown into a flame with every excitement, he was absolute and uncontrolled disposer of his own will. That the career of such a spirit should have been erratic is not the wonder,—that it should have been aught else would have been a miracle. Few events of his extraordinary life were unknown to me; we were of similar age, of similar pursuits, and, I fear, too similar in constitutional disposition. From boyhood we had been associates, and in the last bitter days of his trial he selected me as the depositary of his sorrows—may I hope that in the zeal with which I sought to soothe them I was not altogether unsuccessful?

When the event did arrive, which all who valued him truly could not regret, I prepared the materials which I possessed so largely, with the purpose of compiling a memoir of his *public* sporting life. While this was in progress, I thought in courtesy I could not do less than intimate to one whose affection had followed him from the cradle to the coffin, what I had in contemplation. The answer to that communication decided me to proceed no further. The wish expressed was that all might be suffered to rest in oblivion. To me it was a sacred command. Since then his story has been brought before the world prominently, by one who had many opportunities of knowing him in the noon of his career. This would make it an act of ultra-fastidiousness to continue a silence that has so long prevented me from doing the last justice to the memory of one I valued well. How few that have read the narrative of his almost fabulous exploits could imagine the actor a man of elegant manners, finished education, refined imagination, and a heart susceptible of the noblest sentiments!—Yet such was Mytton, when himself, beyond any with whom I have been intimately familiar in my passage through life. He was the best classic—not professional, I ever met; but how and where he collected his lore I never could learn. He was perfectly conversant with history and *Belles Lettres*, and I do not think there was a verse in Scripture to which he could not have assigned its proper chapter. With the frame of a Hercules, and a constant exertion of his amazing physical powers, he had all his natural rudeness in perfect obedience—it never, even to the last, succeeded in neutralizing the gentleness of the gentleman, whenever it pleased him to assume his better part. Of this, his handwriting was a remarkable instance. I have some of his letters written a few months before his death, in which the characters are as finely traced and as beautifully moulded as if they were the crow-quill studies of a girl of sixteen. The chord which had been too early and too violently stretched, there is no doubt had long yielded in part to its unnatural tension before it gave way wholly, and snapped for ever. At what period his mind first became disordered, there is no line of judgment to guide us; working against an adamantine constitution (the progress of his mental infirmity altogether regulated by his physical condition), the shocks to which his mind yielded finally must have been many and terrible.

The first time I had cause to fear his reason had become actually impaired, was during a visit to Halston, in the summer of 1830. It was noon of an August day when I arrived, and we strolled together to the gardens. He spoke of his fondness for fruit, and insisted upon gathering for me all the rarest and best that the hothouses contained. This he did by tearing off whole branches from the most valuable trees. I knew him too well to remonstrate, and, as the only chance of stopping the mischief, drew him from the spot as speedily and indifferently as I could. After lunch he proposed a drive in the grounds, that I might give my opinion of a roan harness-horse that he had recently purchased. It was accordingly brought round in a light pony phaeton, a low-wheeled double-bodied carriage, the front division of which he occupied as driver, and into the other I handed his beautiful wife, who was to be our companion. I was prepared for quick work, my place being nothing new to me; but for what did occur I certainly was not provided. We started at a gallop, which he urged into a frantic speed by every possible excitement of voice and whip. We flew through the park, reached the high road, and pursued it to Ellesmere at a rate never attempted, I am sure, by any locomotive means before. How we escaped being dashed to pieces is to be classed among the other miracles that safely may be ascribed to his road work, *who twice leaped a turnpike-gate in his buggy!* I confess I was mortally frightened, and as soon as my breath returned, enquired how the fair traveller felt after her alarm? She (once it as, perhaps, no other woman could—scoffed, said she had had a good deal of experience in such a style of coachmanship, but subsequently admitted that a specimen of so outrageous a performance she had never before seen.

It was in the course of the evening that some member of the family circle put a pencil into my hand, with an injunction that it be forthwith used to commemorate the event of the morning. The result was the production of some doggrel lines, of which the point was, that "as one just person would have averted the doom of the cities of the plain, the lady of Halston might never fear to encounter danger, because by the act she would ensure the presence of a seraph to avert all hazard." The first stanza was in this wise:—

"Away, away—like a meteor's ray,
Like the gleam of a shooting star,
Was the arrowy speed of that red roan steed
And the flight of that fiery car!"

Time rolled on: Mytton fell into difficulties: his wife was taken from him, and a suit in Chancery commenced, upon which I was summoned as a witness. Among the items adduced in proof of his cruelty towards that lady was the drive which I have described, and Lord Brougham was favored with a copy of the aforesaid doggrel. Passing rapidly down Spring Gardens one bitter day in December, 1833, I heard some one running, and my name loudly shouted. I turned, and Mytton approached. What a sight of woe was there! His face was wan and haggard—his dress utterly neglected—his hair hung wildly around his forehead—alas! there was "a noble mind o'erthrown!" He held my hand for some minutes in silence, gazing fixedly upon me: at length he found a voice, —"Poor Caroline!" he said (his wife's name)—"You remember the drive, don't you? and the ode? the fine Olympic?—'Away, away, like a meteor's ray,'" he repeated, in a low solemn tone, reciting the poem through without failing in a word. "You see," he continued, "I have my lesson well. I'll whisper the reason in your ear—I repeat those lines every hour of every day, and when I am silent *I am speaking them to my heart.*" As he spoke, his voice gradually failed—the spirit that still struggled within him could not wrestle with nature—he burst into an agony of tears. "I shall be better presently," he observed, as I led him away; "quite well as soon as I get a glass of brandy, with a tablespoonful of cayenne in it."

In three months more, accident informed me that he was lying on his death-bed. I went to that last sad abode of earthly suffering—a prison, and there I found him;—"to such complexion he had come at last." Need I say how truly I rejoiced when the hour arrived that set him free for ever? He had erred, and surely he had paid the penalty; and as I turned from the sad scene and all its melancholy accompaniments, I mourned for my unhappy friend, but not as one having no hope.

What an odd work would be "An Analysis of the Betting Ring," constructed out of the materials to be had at Hyde Park Corner! Divided into parts, it would consist of two parties, who meet together for the purpose of laying wagers upon certain events, to which end the one party alone possesses the means; ensuring to the other a profit to each, varying from a few hundreds to several thousands a year, according to the extent of his business (technically, engagements). As the latter party has a considerable item to provide for in the shape of traveling expenses, five hundred a year will be a very low estimate at which to put the cost of every Leg employed by the former for its particular use and benefit. I assure the reader I am perfectly serious—never was more in earnest in my life. It is notorious that not one man connected with the ring professionally began life possessed of a great; and how many of them live under a thousand a year?—There is no use in quoting cases, it is so in all. Should you like to see the first step—the *premier pas* of a Leg—his chrystalis, to speak it scientifically? Behold a *tableau vivant*.

There used to stand during the oyster season, at the corner of the Piccadilly Fings in Manchester, a little bare-footed urchin whose stock in trade consisted of a couple of dozens of that fish, of a doubtful character, a soda-water bottle without a neck, containing vinegar, and a brown paper bag filled with a dark-looking powder supposed to be pepper. Not long after he thus commenced business, the gentlemen who drive the cars, and whose rank is upon that pavement, observed that he was realizing rapidly, one of them having actually seen him give a customer, who had spent the farthing with him, the balance out of a shilling.—Thus was the great mercantile crisis achieved—the first shilling had been put together. This was about the date of my first acquaintance with him. He had somewhat enlarged the sphere of his action—had become more eccentric—might be found at the different race-meetings in the north, where he would hold your horse, or put his hand to any thing (or *into* any thing indeed, as the rumor ran, but I don't like to be severe). I think it was at York he made his first hit. By some means he had scented out the true reason that a horse was a 20 to 1 agst. him. Accordingly having scraped together a sovereign, he took the odds to that sum, *posted his blunt*, the *tit* won, and our young fishmonger became the master of a treasure that nearly turned his brain. The richest sight that it ever was my fortune to fall in with was the exhibition made by the oyster dealer, dressed (or *scolloped*, as old B—— called it) the day following his first slice of luck.—When I encountered him he was seated on a bench in the Stand, his body in an attitude of elegant negligence, and in the full bloom of the slop-shop. He wore a blue coat, three quarters bred, with the sleeves a good deal over his knuckles; his vest was "shawl pattern," amber and scarlet. I forget the never nameables, or most probably I did not notice them at all, being dazzled with that which evidently occupied all his own attention—the fitting-up of his shoes, which consisted of a pair of bows, each about the size of a first class dairy Cheshire cheese. No doubt it was the first time he was shod. Nothing in broad farce ever came near the style in which he handled his hoofs. First one was gently protruded, then the other paraded; what had whispered the maxim of Horace to him you knew not, but there he was industriously examining whether his pair of trotters were a spectacle which

"Si proprius stes
Te capiat majus: majus si longius abstes."

Since the aurelia was thus perfected he has served his seven years at the trade, and now you see him "as good as any thing at Tattersall's." He has long migrated from Lancashire—has his chambers in town—rides his blood horse—goes with a cigar in his cheek, his hands in his pea-jacket pockets—gives checks on his West-end bankers, and while he holds his tongue might be mistaken for a defaulted gentleman's son. But with him, so it is with the brotherhood: they cannot (with very few exceptions) rid their voice and vocabulary of a scarlet vulgarity and rudeness closely bordering on ruffianism. If it be strange that the characters of these minds do not deter gentlemen from being seen in places which they frequent, how their manners and habits do not disgust every one accustomed to good society, passes my understanding. The effect of custom is overrulad, and there is little doubt but that its influence has alone wrought the anomalism exhibited at Hyde Park Corner. More than half a century ago some chance of fashion gave it the stamp current of a sporting rendezvous. While the whole economy of business and pleasure has since been revolutionized—while the conveniences and pleasures of life have advanced with every year, there they appear to have come to a "dead lock," as Byron calls it. And what has been the consequence? That which always results in the social scheme—that where there is no progress there is a retrogression. Fifty years ago, the men now seen at Tattersall's would not have been tolerated among gentlemen, though the habits of society were infinitely more loose than they are now. Fifty years ago, there were but few places of resort, beyond family circles, protected by annual subscription against indiscriminate company; provided all comers were decently habited, they mixed with the beaux and wits of the day in the taverns or coffee houses, then the only places of resort for social purposes. Now all is changed, and certainly for the better. If in civilized life it is necessary that society be divided into various classes, surely nothing can be more convenient than that each should have some common point of assembly, not with reference to business merely, but also to relaxation and conviviality. Such is now the case in all the social divisions, save in that great and important one which relates to the first of our National Sports. The military man has his case provided for with a scrupulous care that has prepared a separate palace for the senior and junior class of his service. The scientific, the travelled, the literary man, the politician, the gambler of *ton* (so that the speculation he pursues cannot tend in any way to serve the public cause), these are all protected from having their peculiar pursuits intruded upon by the exceptionable. They have incorporated themselves, founded institutions appropriate to their particular tendencies, and defended them from all chance of impeachable intrusion, by such regulations of admission as make such an accident next to impossible. The only perfect Metropolitan Saturnalia is to be found at Tattersall's, where ("not to speak it profanely") none is before or after another, none greater or less than another.

As to the good or evil which attaches to betting (now and always so component a part of racing,) with that I have nothing to do. It was so from the first, is so now, and so will be to the end of the chapter. The object I had in view in offering these Tableaux for public exhibition was, that having a knowledge of their subjects, I could place them in such lights as would best enable the *designs* to be understood. Thus, in bringing so prominently forward the dark background of Tattersall's, it was because I felt the service that might result from *bringing out* the ominous "shadows" that, in their generation, "have wrought more terror than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers." But here the notice of the picture does not close. There are other points that deserve attention; let us proceed to observe them.

It is not very long since a match for a moderate sum was made between two individuals of sporting celebrity, the horses engaged being of high racing repute. Though the match, as I have said, was for a small sum, the betting, as it frequently happens, was very heavy. On the morning of the race one of the parties sent for the jockey that was to ride for him, and addressed him to this effect: "I have merely made the match for to-day as a trial for my horse, to see what he can do; you will therefore run with your adversary, so as to enable you to form a judgment of his speed, and let me know your opinion. I don't want you to win, as that would probably prevent my matching my horse again." He had, however, reckoned without his host. The jockey selected was neither the knave nor the fool for his purpose. "If," was the spirited answer, "your —— wants me to make a losing race of it, you may ride your horse yourself; I am not the man for your turn." I had this anecdote from the jockey, and I know him too well to think it likely he imposed upon me. He declined giving me the name, but the date and description of the horses were clue enough.

Suppose this to have been attempted by a member of a club! Or, to put it better, imagine a member of White's suggesting to one of the servants to supply him with a pack of cut cards for a match at cribbage, or hinting that it would oblige him if a silver spoon were pilfered for his particular benefit! Such a thing would be known an hour after it was proposed. Granted—and why? Because the concentration of a club brings facts bearing upon it necessarily into a small compass; they are of interest to a focus which is attracting constantly, and as constantly casting up again. We will throw another shade upon our sketch, and look at it in that light. At the late Doncaster Meeting, at individual, well known at the Corner, lost heavily and *levanted*. Even the public papers, generally impressed with a sense of what is due to society, have cautiously avoided mentioning the name of this fellow, "because his father is a man of respectability and a clergyman." What is likely to become of it? That he will effect some swindling compromise with his victims, and be sent to sin again. I have called it by the mild name of swindling, but it is a much more heinous offence. The man who calls to you to "stand," runs the hazard of your discharging a pistol into his heart; but he who bets with you, knowing himself without the means of paying should he lose, assures himself of your cash in one event, and of being unharmed in the other. How would this have been had the perpetrator belonged to a club, or any such society of gentlemen? Either there would have existed, probably, some knowledge of his circumstances that would have acted as a caution to those about speculating with him, or when his delinquency became manifest, care would have been taken that he should not "undo more men."

Would I make the turf the sport of the higher orders,—do I desire to see it become ultra-refined and exclusive? This is the way in which I might be catechised by those who will not understand my position; I reply, as most convenient, by paraphrase. The design with which our racing originated, and that brought it under the patronage of the Government, was, that it might be a medium for uniting popular profit and pleasure. Its legitimate pursuit fulfilled both those objects. Race Courses became places of highly popular resort, and racing produced a rivalry that was of the most essential service in improving our breed of horses. After a time it occurred to some of those who were employed in its details that it might be made a source of *direct* gain also. Of all that ever attempted it, under that impression, none did so with such prospect of success as

the celebrated jockey Samuel Chifney. As a business he had been born and bred to riding,—was the most renowned (and justly) in the world of his calling, and his brother William was the first trainer, in respect to "appliances and means to boot," at Newmarket. Surely there was as fair a start as heart could desire. At the period of his entering upon the career of a master of race horses, Chifney was known to be a man of substance and on the high road to fortune. I am not here going into a detail of that career; as far as such a thing can be, I believe it was attended with very distinguished success. By Prism alone he could not have netted less than ten thousand pounds. And what is he now? a ruined man—an uncertificated bankrupt! A man of property while a trainer for others, William Chifney went upon the turf on his own account, and is now undone. It may be said racing did not do this, but extravagance; it leaves my argument as I could desire, even so, though I by no means subscribe to the necessity of any such assistant agent. It took them out of their natural position, placed them in a false one, and then destruction followed.

The experiment so fatal to the Chifneys is now being tried upon an extended scale by another of the well-known jockies of this cut-of-joint era—John Day. His success, so far, has been without parallel. Vulgar report assigns him a confederate of such wealth and station that, if it be the case, we shall never arrive at the result of the actual enterprise. If he has taken the field with such support as public opinion attributes to him, he certainly is to be congratulated, which is more than can be said of his implied noble partner, who, though he may stand in his present league "*sans peur*," he unquestionably does not "*sans reproache*."

At no period since racing became a National Sport in this country was it so pre-eminently popular as the present: never was there so promising an opportunity for purging it of its grossness, and restoring it to a healthy purpose. So long as the present system, as pursued at Tattersall's, continues to influence it, so long must it be obnoxious to monstrous abuse. While a set of notorious knaves are solicited in a manner to take part in its direction, can it be supposed that they will not by every means, fair or foul, seek to influence its economy to suit their own ends? It must be that soon the noble and the principled will emancipate themselves from such an unholy alliance. How long, I ask again, would it be, were the design once taken up in the proper quarter, before a Turf Club could be established in London, that would throw all similar establishments into the shade? Would a single owner of race-horses withhold his subscription from an institution formed for the service of the sport he patronises? I cannot think it. Let there be no limit to the qualification, save such as the laws of society among us make imperative. I would advocate the principle that it be without restriction as to the nature of the games of chance or skill permitted to be introduced. Men should take care of themselves. It would be a ridicule to attempt strait-lacing a society of such a nature. All I hope for and trust in is, that we shall not long be suffered to remain without one place in our Metropolis where gentlemen may meet together, to conduct the business of our noblest national sports, unintruded upon by vulgar impertinence, and safe from the designs of those whose existence depends upon the successful exercise of their knavery.

London (Old) Monthly Mag. for Nov., 1837.

THE SPINSTER'S NUMERATION TABLE.

There is scarcely an article of female gear which we do not find typified by numbers, for purposes of sale. Needles, shoes, ribbons, are threes, lives, sevens, or sixes, in the jargon of the counter; and Whitechapel lours bring instantly to the mind of the sempstress the little implements of industry with which she plies her trade.

With small leisure to indulge in diffuse amplification, we have long been compelled to shorten the labours of our brain, by classifying men and things in an artificial order of arrangements, till our study of human nature has become as methodical as botany or mineralogy. Women, for instance, are typified in our mind's eye by numerals. Fair fifteen brings instantly before our ideal contemplation the unformed long-armed girl, whose voice is so sweet, whose complexion so unsullied; in doubt on what chair to seat herself, and touching every object near her, even the folds of her own dress, to disguise her own shyness; just as ninety summons up the toothless, sputtering, weak-eyed, peevish fidgets, whose second childishness and mere oblivion are a burden to all the world.

It is from seventeen, however, that the numerals figuring the age of our spinster friends become emblematical of their persons and qualifications. We could make out a catalogue as circumstantial as one of George Robins's sale lists, were we not afraid of stirring up the wrath of the divinities numbered off. Suffice it to jot upon paper a few slight hints, from which every man may institute *memoria technica* of his own.

The spinster of 17. Vast notions of a love match. Enthusiastic for Bayley's songs and pastoral poetry.

18. Complexion and high spirits. Addicted to archery, the "Comic Annual," and "Charming Woman." Willing to accept every partner that offers in a ball-room, dance fourteen quadrilles in a night, and reject a proposal a day. Stanch to love in a cottage.

19. A trifle more refined in shape and taste. Love in a cottage renounced for love in a house in town.

20. Shyness gone, fastidiousness increased. An equipage indispensable.

21. Beginning to understand the meaning of the word younger brother. Anxious to postpone my sister's début.

22. Softened in complexion, hardened in heart. Laces for a waist; and thinks it possible to marry for rank.

23. Fidgetty respecting Almack's. A graceful glide substituted for the buoyant step of 18. Refuses a country squire, sighs for the drawing-room, and prattles about a diamond necklace.

24. The age of supreme loveliness and surpassing vanity, beauty and elegance in full bloom.

25. Surprised at being still single, and beginning to count the conquests of the season. Figures in tableaux and charades.

26. Torments papa to pass the winter at Brighton, and give some dinner-parties. Rides showy horses in preference to her former airings with mamma.

27. Hair and shoulders growing thin. Ventures upon luncheon. Reads Mrs. Marcet, cultivates a flower-garden, and affects decided opinions.

28. Nose a little red before breakfast. Thinks it possible to marry a widower, and pass eight months of the year on his estate. Considers tableaux and charades silly things.

29. Hazards a second glass of wine at dinner, and takes an interest in the debates. Refuses to figure in a quadrille of beauty among the cluts of the day. Brighton a frivolous gossiping place.

30. Thinks it possible to pass ten months of the year in the country. Assumes a cap for morning visits, and reads tracts on the education of the poor.

31. Tries Leamington and a five-barred gate. Failure. Waist increased, smiles diminished by a speck upon a front tooth.

32. Serious. Quotes from Hannah More, and replaces the specked tooth with a Mallan. Thinks it possible to pass the year round in the country with a man one esteems.

33. Affects to patronise girls, and plays the *chaperon*. Prefers men of a certain age. Reads Mrs. Somerville and frequents the Ventilator.

34. Flattered by the attention of a boy of eighteen. "Intellectual attainments defy all considerations of age." Accepts a stall at a fancy fair, and resumes pink ribbons.

35. A slight touge of rouge no harm by candlelight. Conversational, and a great acquisition in a country-house.

36. Calls herself nine-and-twenty, and would not be seen in a cap for the world. Takes to waltzing.

37. Keeps down the drawing-room blinds, and has the chariot new lined with yellow. Resumes the cotillion. Scraggy, fretful, and desperate.

38. Makes parties to Beulah Spa, and flirts by moonlight. Left in the lurch by an ensign of the guards.

39. Spends the season with a cousin in Yorkshire, where second-rate London graces prove a bad substitute for the bloom of youth.

40. Begins to busy herself about other people's affairs. Quotes the matrimonial squabbles of her married friends. Nose decidedly red; lips decidedly blue.

41. Thanks her stars that she is single. Threadpapers and housewife ordered to lie on the table, and a tabby cat under it.

42. Indignant when told how well she wears. Attends church twice of a Sunday.

43. Takes a constitutional walk before breakfast, and antibilious pills before dinner.

44. Tries Harrogate for the erysipelas; and indulges in a snooze in her own room after dinner.

45. Goes to service on Wednesdays and Fridays, or daily, if in a cathedral town. Takes salvolatile in her tea.

46. Swears eternal-friendship to a spinster friend, and keeps a cage of canary birds. Reads the "Electic Review."

47. Gives weekly tea-parties, and cultivates the saintly affection of Dr. Humgoose.

48. Weeps cataracts at the discourses of dear Dr. Humgoose, and snoozes openly after an early dinner.

49. Gratified to be told how well she wears. Makes her will. Leaves all to her beloved Arabella, except an annuity to the cat and canary-birds.

50. Startled by a proposal from dear Dr. Humgoose. Consults Arabella, and determines to remain single.

51. Alters her will on learning that her beloved Arabella has become Mrs. Humgoose.

52. Survives the cat and canaries, and takes a companion.

53. Triumphs at hearing how the Humgooses are cheated by their servants, and sets the companion to watch the giddy thing who lodges next door.

54. Assumes brevet rank. Becomes an *esprit fort*, and is thenceforward classed in our minds with beings of an epicene gender.

found him;—"to such complexion he had come at last." Need I say how truly I rejoiced when the hour arrived that set him free for ever? He had erred, and surely he had paid the penalty; and as I turned from the sad scene and all its melancholy accompaniments, I mourned for my unhappy friend, but not as one having no hope.

What an odd work would be "An Analysis of the Betting Ring," constructed out of the materials to be had at Hyde Park Corner! Divided into parts, it would consist of two parties, who meet together for the purpose of laying wagers upon certain events, to which end the one party alone possesses the means; ensuring to the other a profit to each, varying from a few hundreds to several thousands a year, according to the extent of his business (technically, engagements). As the latter party has a considerable item to provide for in the shape of travelling expenses, five hundred a year will be a very low estimate at which to put the cost of every Leg employed by the former for its particular use and benefit. I assure the reader I am perfectly serious—never was more in earnest in my life. It is notorious that not one man connected with the ring professionally began life possessed of a groat; and how many of them live under a thousand a year?—There is no use in quoting cases, it is so in all. Should you like to see the first step—the *premier pas* of a Leg—his chrystalis, to speak it scientifically? Behold a *tableau vivant*.

There used to stand during the oyster season, at the corner of the Piccadilly Flags in Manchester, a little bare-footed urchin whose stock in trade consisted of a couple of dozens of that fish, of a doubtful character, a soda-water bottle without a neck, containing vinegar, and a brown paper bag filled with a dark-looking powder supposed to be pepper. Not long after he thus commenced business, the gentlemen who drive the cars, and whose rank is upon that pavement, observed that he was realizing rapidly, one of them having actually seen him give a customer, who had spent the fourpence with him, the balance out of a shilling.—Thus was the great mercantile crisis achieved—the first shilling had been put together. This was about the date of my first acquaintance with him. He had somewhat enlarged the sphere of his action—had become more eccentric—might be found at the different race-meetings in the north, where he would hold your horse, or put his hand to any thing (or *into* any thing indeed, as the rumor ran, but I don't like to be severe). I think it was at York he made his first hit. By some means he had scented out the true reason that a horse was a 20 to 1 agst. him. Accordingly having scraped together a sovereign, he took the odds to that sum, *posted his blunt*, the *it* won, and our young fishmonger became the master of a treasure that nearly turned his brain. The richest sight that it ever was my fortune to fall in with was the exhibition made by the oyster dealer, dressed (or *scolloped*, as old B—— called it) the day following his first slice of luck.—When I encountered him he was seated on a bench in the Stand, his body in an attitude of elegant negligence, and in the full bloom of the slop-shop. He wore a blue coat, three quarters bred, with the sleeves a good deal over his knuckles; his vest was "shawl pattern," amber and scarlet. I forget the never nameables, or most probably I did not notice them at all, being dazzled with that which evidently occupied all his own attention—the fitting-up of his shoes, which consisted of a pair of bows, each about the size of a first class dairy Cheshire cheese. No doubt it was the first time he was shod. Nothing in broad farce ever came near the style in which he handled his hoofs. First one was gently protruded, then the other paraded; what had whispered the maxim of Horace to him you knew not, but there he was industriously examining whether his pair of trotters were a spectacle which

"Si proprius stes
"Te capiat majus: majus si longius abstes."

Since the aurelia was thus perfected he has served his seven years at the trade, and now you see him "as good as any thing at Tattersall's." He has long migrated from Lancashire—has his chambers in town—rides his blood horse—goes with a cigar in his cheek, his hands in his pea-jacket pockets—gives checks on his West-end bankers, and while he holds his tongue might be mistaken for a deluded gentleman's son. But with him, so it is with the brotherhood: they cannot (with very few exceptions) rid their voice and vocabulary of a scarlet vulgarity and rudeness closely bordering on ruffianism. If it be strange that the characters of these minds do not deter gentlemen from being seen in places which they frequent, how their manners and habits do not disgust every one accustomed to good society, passes my understanding. The effect of custom is proverbial, and there is little doubt but that its influence has alone wrought the anomalism exhibited at Hyde Park Corner. More than half a century ago some chance of fashion gave it the stamp current of a sporting rendezvous. While the whole economy of business and pleasure has since been revolutionized—while the conveniences and pleasures of life have advanced with every year, there they appear to have come to a "dead lock," as Byron calls it. And what has been the consequence? That which always results in the social scheme—that where there is no progress there is a retrogression. Fifty years ago, the men now seen at Tattersall's would not have been tolerated among gentlemen, though the habits of society were infinitely more loose than they are now. Fifty years ago, there were but few places of resort, beyond family circles, protected by any [illegible] against indiscriminate company; provided all comers were decently habited, they mixed with the beaux and wits of the day in the taverns or coffee houses, then the only places of resort for social purposes. Now all is changed, and certainly for the better. If in civilized life it is necessary that society be divided into various classes, surely nothing can be more convenient than that each should have some common point of assembly, not with reference to business merely, but also to relaxation and conviviality. Such is now the case in all the social divisions, save in that great and important one which relates to the first of our National Sports. The military man has his case provided for with a scrupulous care that has prepared a separate palace for the senior and junior class of his service. The scientific, the travelled, the literary man, the politician, the gambler of *ton* (so that the speculation he pursues cannot tend in any way to serve the public cause), these are all protected from having their peculiar pursuits intruded upon by the exceptionable. They have incorporated themselves, founded institutions appropriate to their particular tendencies, and defended them from all chance of impeachable intrusion, by such regulations of admission as make such an accident next to impossible. The only perfect Metropolitan Saturnalia is to be found at Tattersall's, where ("not to speak it profanely") none is before or after another, none greater or less than another.

As to the good or evil which attaches to betting (now and always so component a part of racing,) with that I have nothing to do. It was so from the first, is so now, and so will be to the end of the chapter. The object I had in view in offering these Tableaux for public exhibition was, that having a knowledge of their subjects, I could place them in such lights as would best enable the *designs* to be understood. Thus, in bringing so prominently forward the dark background of Tattersall's, it was because I felt the service that might result from *bringing out* the ominous "shadows" that, in their generation, "have wrought more terror than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers." But here the notice of the picture does not close. There are other points that deserve attention; let us proceed to observe them.

It is not very long since a match for a moderate sum was made between two individuals of sporting celebrity, the horses engaged being of high racing repute. Though the match, as I have said, was for a small sum, the betting, as it frequently happens, was very heavy. On the morning of the race one of the parties sent for the jockey that was to ride for him, and addressed him to this effect. "I have merely made the match for to-day as a trial for my horse, to see what he can do; you will therefore run with your adversary, so as to enable you to form a judgment of his speed, and let me know your opinion. I don't want you to win, as that would probably prevent my matching my horse again." He had, however, reckoned without his host. The jockey selected was neither the knave nor the fool for his purpose. "If," was the spirited answer, "your —— wants me to make a losing race of it, you may ride your horse yourself; I am not the man for your turn." I had this anecdote from the jockey, and I know him too well to think it likely he imposed upon me. He declined giving me the name, but the date and description of the horses were clue enough.

Suppose this to have been attempted by a member of a club! Or, to put it better, imagine a member of White's suggesting to one of the servants to supply him with a pack of cut cards for a match at ecarte, or hinting that it would oblige him if a silver spoon were preferred for his particular benefit! Such a thing would be known an hour after it was proposed. Granted—and why? Because the concentration of a club brings facts bearing upon it necessarily into a small compass; they are of interest to a focus which is attracting constantly, and as constantly casting up again. We will throw another shade upon our sketch, and look at it in that light. At the late Doncaster Meeting, an individual, well known at the Corner, lost heavily and *levanted*. Even the public papers, generally impressed with a sense of what is due to society, have cautiously avoided mentioning the name of this fellow, "because his father is a man of respectability and a clergyman." What is likely to become of it? That he will effect some swindling compromise with his victims, and be sent to sin again. I have called it by the mild name of swindling, but it is a much more heinous offence. The man who calls to you to "stand," runs the hazard of your discharging a pistol into his heart; but he who bets with you, knowing himself without the means of paying should he lose, assures himself of your cash in one event, and of being unharmed in the other. How would this have been had the perpetrator belonged to a club, or any such society of gentlemen? Either there would have existed, probably, some knowledge of his circumstances that would have acted as a caution to those about speculating with him, or when his delinquency became manifest, care would have been taken that he should not "undo more men."

Would I make the turf the sport of the higher orders,—do I desire to see it become ultra-refined and exclusive? This is the way in which I might be catechised by those who will not understand my position; I reply, as most convenient, by paraphrase. The design with which our racing originated, and that brought it under the patronage of the Government, was, that it might be a medium for uniting popular profit and pleasure. Its legitimate pursuit fulfilled both those objects. Race Courses became places of highly popular resort, and racing produced a rivalry that was of the most essential service in improving our breed of horses. After a time it occurred to some of those who were employed in its details that it might be made a source of *direct* gain also. Of all that ever attempted it, under that impression, none did so with such prospect of success as the celebrated jockey Samuel Chifney. As a business he had been born and bred to riding,—was the most renowned (and justly) in the world of his calling, and his brother William was the first trainer, in respect to "appliances and means to boot," at Newmarket. Surely there was as fair a start as heart could desire. At the period of his entering upon the career of a master of race horses, Chifney was known to be a man of substance and on the high road to fortune. I am not here going into a detail of that career; as far as such a thing can be, I believe it was attended with very distinguished success. By Priam alone he could not have netted less than ten thousand pounds. And what is he now? a ruined man—an uncertificated bankrupt! A man of property while a trainer for others, William Chifney went upon the turf on his own account, and is now undone. It may be said racing did not do this, but extravagance; it leaves my argument as I could desire, even so, though I by no means subscribe to the necessity of any such assistant agent. It took them out of their natural position, placed them in a false one, and then destruction followed.

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18. Complexion and high spirits. Addicted to archery, the "Comic Annual," and "Charming Woman." Willing to accept every partner that offers in a ball-room, dance fourteen quadrilles in a night, and reject a proposal a day. Stanch to love in a cottage.

19. A trifle more refined in shape and taste. Love in a cottage renounced for love in a house in town.

20. Shyness gone, fastidiousness increased. An equipage indispensable.

21. Beginning to understand the meaning of the word younger brother. Anxious to postpone my sister's debut.

22. Softened in complexion, hardened in heart. Laces for a waist; and thinks it possible to marry for rank.

23. Fidgetty respecting Almack's. A graceful glide substituted for the buoyant step of 18. Refuses a country squire, sighs for the drawing-room, and prattles about a diamond necklace.

24. The age of supreme loveliness and surpassing vanity, beauty and elegance in full bloom.

25. Surprised at being still single, and beginning to count the conquests of the season. Figures in tableaux and charades.

26. Torments papa to pass the winter at Brighton, and give some dinner-parties. Rides showy horses in preference to her former airings with mamma.

27. Hair and shoulders growing thin. Ventures upon luncheon. Reads Mrs. Marcet, cultivates a flower-garden, and affects decided opinions.

28. Nose a little red before breakfast. Thinks it possible to marry a widower, and pass eight months of the year on his estate. Considers tableaux and charades silly things.

29. Hazards a second glass of wine at dinner, and takes an interest in the debates. Refuses to figure in a quadrille of beauty among the chits of the day. Brighton a frivolous gossiping place.

30. Thinks it possible to pass ten months of the year in the country. Assumes a cap for morning visits, and reads tracts on the education of the poor.

31. Tries Leamington and a five barred gate. Failure. Waist increased, smiles diminished by a speck upon a front tooth.

32. Serious. Quotes from Hannah More, and replaces the specked tooth with a Mallan. Thinks it possible to pass the year round in the country with a man one esteems.

33. Affects to patronise girls, and plays the *chaperon*. Prefers men of a certain age. Reads Mrs. Somerville and frequents the Ventilator.

34. Flattered by the attention of a boy of eighteen. "Intellectual attainments defy all considerations of age." Accepts a stall at a fancy fair, and resumes pink ribbons.

35. A slight tinge of rouge no harm by candlelight. Conversational, and a great acquisition in a country-house.

36. Calls herself nine-and-twenty, and would not be seen in a cap for the world. Takes to waltzing.

37. Keeps down the drawing-room blinds, and has the chariot new lined with yellow. Resumes the cotillion. Scraggy, fretful, and desperate.

38. Makes parties to Beulah Spa, and flirts by moonlight. Left in the lurch by an ensign of the guards.

39. Spends the season with a cousin in Yorkshire, where second-rate London graces prove a bad substitute for the bloom of youth.

40. Begins to busy herself about other people's affairs. Quotes the matrimonial squabbles of her married friends. Nose decidedly red; lips decidedly blue.

41. Thanks her stars that she is single. Threadpapers and housewife ordered to lie on the table, and a tabby cat under it.

42. Indignant when told how well she wears. Attends church twice of a Sunday.

43. Takes a constitutional walk before breakfast, and antibilious pills before dinner.

44. Tries Harrogate for the erysipelas; and indulges in a snooze in her own room after dinner.

45. Goes to service on Wednesdays and Fridays, or daily, if in a cathedral town. Takes salvolatile in her tea.

46. Swears eternal friendship to a spinster friend, and keeps a cage of canary birds. Reads the "Electic Review."

47. Gives weekly tea-parties, and cultivates the saintly affection of Dr. Humgoose.

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54. Assumes brevet rank. Becomes an *esprit fort*, and is thenceforward classed in our minds with beings of an epicene gender.

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.
Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Doomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.
Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.
L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Granger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.
W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Stripe, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.
Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanna by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839. Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $250, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 17th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.
Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardeman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Menabrino, out of Bellessina by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Ridlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.
Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—
First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.
On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.
Merrill Ashurst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.
J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, Proprietors.
[n18-t1J]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3.05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES, Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds. Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Rose, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Donald [illegible] (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.) by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Atalanta's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Ellis & Co. names b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Dunbar & J. W. Wilkins names [illegible] [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Baney—Imp. Roaster.
W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. [illegible], by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. R. Pryor names produce of Telemachus and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " [illegible] c. Giovanni, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of [illegible] and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Rowdon and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.
Dec. 5th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforbila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nebusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——.
To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phoebe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.
Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $100; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 5 subs.
A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.
Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address
[n18-t1J] J. H. OLIVER, Lynchburg, Va.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [no4]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention.

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.
1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.
St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.
In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.
Sweepstakes for 1839-40.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
Sweepstakes for 1840-41.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.
For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.
Sweepstakes for 1841-42.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.
Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."
A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.
A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100: 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.
A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [o23] JOHN S. CORBIN, Proprietor.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.
Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.
Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.
Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.
Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.
New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin to 58 Walker street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.
None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
[j22] RICHARD RUSSELL.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is now universally allowed to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. This preparation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discoloration, irritation, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or unpleasantness whatever.
Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[d10] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt St.

WANTED.

IMMEDIATELY, a young Setter Slut, well broke and handsome, for which a good price will be paid. Apply at this office. [d3]

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,
NOW PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and [illegible] exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States*.
The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—
Original Tales of Powerful Interest.
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.
The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.
The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day*.
An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.
The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adventures—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.
An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Design, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.
TERMS.
Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.
To induce subscribers to remit their money immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements to Clubbing, the advantages of which [illegible]. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, [illegible], be Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance, but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [s-16]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match.—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. MATHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at La-grange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Taunton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, L. I.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq' Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

SALE OF THE UNDERLEY YEARLINGS, &c. AT DONCASTER.

The Annual Sale of the Underley Yearlings, bred by A. Nowell, Esq., with their engagements, took place during Doncaster Races, as usual, under the "hammer" of Messrs. Tattersall:—

FILLIES.	GS.
	42
Sister to Margrave (Oaks)	73
By Muley, out of Bequest (Oaks)	40
By Muley, out of Stratherne's dam (Oaks)	46
By Muley, out of Miss Orville	21
By Longwaist, dam by Muley	
COLTS, ENGAGED IN THE DERBY.	
Chesnut by Muley, out of Prima Donna	130
Chesnut by Muley, out of Dulcamara	180
Chesnut by Muley, out of Tarick's dam, by Godolphin	120
Brown by Muley, dam by Comus	220
Brown by Muley, out of the Queen of Hearts	125
Bay by Muley, out of Lacerta	205
Chesnut by Muley, out of Solace	51
Brown by Bustard, out of Laureola	215
Brown by Bustard, out of Venus	60
Brown by Longwaist, dam by Orville (no engagement)	85

The following Brood Mares, &c., the property of Mr. Houldsworth, were also sold by Messrs. Tattersall during the race week:—

Fortitude, by Whisker, out of Fortuna, by Comus	160
Virginia, by Figaro or Buzzard, out of Treasure	130
Persian, by Whisker, out of Variety, the dam of Circassian	50
Georgiana, by Buzzard, out of Variety	20
Torelli, by Cerberus, out of Miss Cranfield	16
Tiara, by Soothsayer or Castrel, out of Pope Joan	40
Variety (Circassian's dam), by Selim or Southsayer	26
Fanny Davies, by Filho, out of Treasure (with engagements)	110
Miss Maltby, by Filho, dam by Cervantes, out of Legacy	50
Fidelity, by Whisker, out of Fortuna, by Comus	100
Flush, by Blacklock, out of Loo, by Waxy	20
Circassian, by Sultan, out of Variety	195
Corset, by Whalebone, out of Sultana, Sister to Sultan	200
Yearling filly by Vanish, out of Tiara	33
Yearling filly by Vanish, out of Variety	58
Yearling colt, by Beagle, dam by Emilius, out of Torelli	47
Filly, 2 yrs., by Vanish, out of Fidelity	11
Colt, 2 yrs., Brother to Reuben	23
Beagle, a bay stallion, by Whalebone, dam Auburn	97

The following Yearling Colts, with their engagements, the property of George Walker, Esq., were similarly disposed of:—

Coryphœus, by Emilius, out of Quadrille, by Selim	76
Greasley, by Langar, out of Pauline; by Moses	320
Kremlin, by Sultan, out of Francesca, by Partisan	200
Lepidus, by Emilius, out of Cotillon, by Partisan	240

Several other lots of blood stock were sold during the race week, all of them fetching very low prices. Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston, 4 yrs., by Velocipede, was knocked down at 68gs.

On the Thursday in the Heaton Park Meeting the following Hunters, the property of the Earl of Wilton, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall:—Chancellor, 370*l*.; Dahlia, a bay mare, 105*l*.; Telegraph, a grey gelding, 34*l*.; Demoiselle, a brown mare, 125*l*.; Long Twelves, b. g., 155*l*; Jemmy Jumps, b. g., 31*l*.; Selina, gr. m., 56*l*.; Prince, b. g., 120*l*.; Blank, b. m., 125*l*.; Hyssop, b. g., 120*l*.; Peacock, b. g., 46*l*.; Prince, br. g., 61*l*.; Billy, a hack, and a filly by Predictor, 39*l*. London (Old) Sporting Mag. for Nov.

Trotting at Birmingham.—Burke, of "Hereford match celebrity," having backed a galloway, which he purchased out of a Welch drove for 9*l*. at Birmingham, to trot 15 miles within the hour in saddle for 50*l*., the match came off on Friday, on the turnpike road in the neighborhood of Birmingham, when the galloway, we understand, lost it by two minutes.

Archery.—On Wednesday week the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, shot in Hope Park for the Pagoda Gold Medal, given by Colonel James Spens, of Craigsanquhar, which was won by J. Stewart, Esq., W.S.

A Foolish Wager.—An individual residing in the canton of Harcourt, in the Calvados, recently swallowed three five franc pieces for a wager, and in consequence of this rash act, was soon reduced to the last extremity. He has since been attended by several medical men, who have in vain endeavored to extract the pieces from his stomach. For twelve days he was unable to swallow any solid nourishment, and lived solely upon milk.

Just as the Queen is going to leave Brighton the official noodles of the place begin to think of celebrating her Majesty's arrival. Among the extensive preparations mentioned in the local prints, it is stated that the High Constable, as Chairman, is to be placed under a gas illumination and transparency, and will, it is expected, produce a very *novel and beautiful effect*. What there can be "novel" or "beautiful" in seeing a munkin high constable placed under a blaze of gas, we are at a loss to discover—the beauty of the scene is more likely to consist in the good dinner than in the appearance of the chairman.

A Frenchman has discovered a method of making artificial rubies, which closely resemble the natural ones. Sir Francis Sykes has a method of his own in the same manufacture. He has fully proved by a long course of experiments that by imbibing a certain number of bottles of port daily, a man may soon have a ruby of his own making of the richest tint, and forming a very prominent feature of attraction. His own nose is of a very expensive color.

From the report of the Zoological Society, read on Thursday, it appears that the visitors to the gardens are falling shorter than usual, and that means must be adopted to prevent this untoward result. To this end it was proposed that more lions should be added to the establishment. With due deference, we beg to suggest that if they could prevail upon the venerable Eldon to appear at the garden as an enormous crocodile, they would find him drawing plenty of shillings—perhaps tears—from the visitors. Chimpanzee Wombwell, "my dog" Horace Twiss, and Poodle Ellenborough, might also be worth securing. There is no want of "lions" provided the Society can find the funds to purchase their services.

Close Shaving.—A man entered a barber's shop yesterday, and asked if he might *shave himself*. His request was granted of course, and the barber proceeded to strap a razor and prepare the lather for him, when the customer deliberately took from his pocket his own apparatus, and commenced operations. Having "achieved" a shave, much to his own satisfaction, he put up the implements, and placed them in his pocket, bowed his thanks to the barber, and calmly left the shop, leaving the man of lather in admiration over a new chapter in the art of shaving, that he had never read before! The stranger is presumed to be a near relation of Samuel Slick. He certainly *lick'd* strong. Boston Transcript.

Typographical.—The Cleveland Herald of Saturday last, contains the following notice of the luck attending editors and printers in being returned to the Legislature of that State, as members of the ensuing session:—

CAPITALS.—The people of Ohio have *displayed* excellent *taste* in the *composition* of the next Legislature, by *setting up* four *practical printers* for *head lines* to the legislative *body*, all true Whigs—another was *crowded out* of the *form* by a single *space*. We trust these *men of letters* will *stick together* a *pamphlet* of good laws for their constituents, not forgetting that their *brother types* would be glad to *register* them on their *sheets* for the benefit of *subscribers*, provided they could do it "By Authority," with *quoins* in *bank* to *foot* the bill.

STARTLING EXPERIMENTS.

A French quack, as we have elsewhere said, is attempting to revive the business of animal magnetism, and the papers encourage his pretensions, by detailing his operations. We make the following extract from the *Times*:

Mr. John Reeve presented himself in a state of absolute sobriety, and being placed on a chair, the Baron commenced his operations. After a few passes the celebrated comedian began to smack his lips, as if he was enjoying a glass of brandy and water. In a short time the symptoms of enjoyment increased; his chin fell upon his chest, and hiccups were distinctly audible. The operation became still more energetic, and after a few more passes his patient fell into a profound slumber, when he was taken home in a state of perfect unconsciousness. We have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Reeve since the operation, and he declares that animal magnetism produces in him all the delightful sensations occasioned by copious draughts of his favorite beverage.

Miss Harriet Martineau was introduced, and the Baron placed her in a recumbent posture. After waving his hands for a few moments, he commenced the business of rubbing her down, and it was evident that she was entirely under his influence. As this lady intends favoring the world with an account of the sensations she experienced, it would be rather ungallant on our parts to detail what she may have privately reported to us. We are, however, at liberty to say that she is a greater advocate than ever for a state of single blessedness. Her design, as it is well known, is to produce the greatest degree of comfort with the least degree of painful consequences.

Sir Claudius Hunter hobbled into the presence of the Baron, and begged of him not to detain him long, as he had two dinners to attend on that day. The operations on Sir Claudius speedily commenced, and we observed that the greatest excitement prevailed whenever the operator's hand approached his stomach. At that instant the jaws of the worthy Alderman were set in motion, and it was evident that he was enjoying some imaginary repast. At last he sank down in a state of complete repletion, but we are happy to say that he recovered speedily without the aid of the stomach pump, and quite in time to partake of his two dinners.

Mr. Horace Twiss submitted himself to the Baron's notice, and the result was extremely startling. He made a long speech without reading the same from any document in his hat, and spoke of himself as the first Minister of the Crown. The delusion under which he labored was so extraordinary, that he expressed his intention to espouse the Queen, and of his determination to be crowned with her Majesty. His enthusiasm ended by his seizing a certain utensil and placing it on his head as a crown, with which he left the Baron's apartment, and he may probably be wearing it at this moment.

CONSOLATORY ADVICE.—Bertrand Barton, the Quaker poet, who, like Lamb, was tied down to the desk for many hours a-day, had at one time been complaining, we suppose of his liver, and of the consequences of sedentary occupations. Lamb administers consolation in this laughing vein:—

"I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him,) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can, as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the entire inner construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys (save those of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction; not to know whereabout the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humors. Those medical gentry choose each his favorite part; one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art—viscosity, scirrhosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen."

March of Intellect.—The Kentucky and Ohio Journal, among several examples of the march of intellect, gives the following as one:—

A maker of *blue ruin*, that is, burnt whiskey, wishing to buy a still, wrote the following letter to the coppersmith in this city:

"Sur I want a *still Meid* that can *wirk* thirty-six *gallants*.
T—— P——."

This march is somewhat of a quick step. The maid who can work, that is beat, thirty-six gallants, and yet make no noise about it, must be pretty active.

Singular Horse Cloth.—A morning paper, in describing a recent inspection of some of the household troops by the Queen, says—"Her Majesty was mounted on a gray charger, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the Windsor uniform."

"Hollo, Bill, lend us your pen-knife." "I can't—I haven't got one—besides, I want to use it myself."

CARLTON HOUSE.

NO. 350 and 352 Broadway, (fronting on Broadway, Leonard, and Benson streets.)—The subscriber (late proprietor of the American Hotel) offers his grateful acknowledgments to his friends throughout the country, for their patronage at that hotel, and respectfully announces to them that he has been entrusted with the above large and extensive establishment (recently erected by Joshua Walker, Esq.) which will be open for the reception of company on the 1st of Jan. It is admirably calculated to afford to visitors who reside a few weeks in the city, an agreeable and retired home; and may be regarded from its commanding and elevated position, as the most salubrious, central, and eligible public residence in the city; it will conducted with a strict regard to the usages and habits of private life, combining order and comfort in every department.

A Coffee Room will be prepared by the middle of February, for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer that mode of living; and chambers on the upper floor will be exclusively reserved for families, posed of with or without board. Extensive accommodations throughout the year.

Public tables will be served up daily at half-past 3 and 5 o'clock throughout the year.

The prices for Board, Lodging, Fires, &c. will be found on the Regulations of the House, and the terms it is confidently believed, will meet the approbation of all.

The Tables, Wines, and other accommodations of the House, will not be surpassed by any other hotel in the United States; and the personal exertions of the subscriber will be unceasingly directed to the comfort of those who visit the establishment.

New York, Dec. 18, 1837. [15-6t] EDWARD MILFORD.

WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats	500
Third day—Three mile heats	700
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1000
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	400

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed.
M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y*.
[36]

MINGO

WILL STAND the ensuing season at Cooper's Ferry, Camden, N. J., the season to commence the 15th of Feb., and terminate the 1st July, 1838. Mr. William Cooper, who resides in the immediate vicinity of the proposed stand, will furnish abundance of pasture of the best kind, for mares from a distance; and oats and hay, if desired, will be provided at the market prices, and suitable accommodations for persons who may be sent in charge of the mares. Every attention and care will be given to guard against accidents and escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping, and that for the service of the mares to be paid before the removal of the mares, and within the season.

A memoir of Mingo will be published shortly.

The reception of short pedigrees, with mares sent to him, will be very acceptable.
C. IRVINE.
[d30-1t]

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Races for 1838, over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., have been arranged to come off in the following order:

On *Saturday*, Feb. 17—Citizens' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

On *Monday*, Feb. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds. Two mile heats. Closed with 10 subs., viz.—

Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archie.
Col. Hampton's b. f. *Emily* (imp.) by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.
Col. Fludd's c. by Bertrand Jr. out of Grey Girl by Buzzard.
Col. Alston's b. f. *Lilly* (imp.) by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis.
James Rose's b. c. *Monarch* (imp.) by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
John S. Preston's Imp. b. f. by Priam, out of Sister to Spermaceti.
Powell McRa's gr. c. *Grizzle* by Godolphin, dam by Financier.
James Sinkler's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard.
E. M. Seabrook's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway by Kosciusko.
Col. Ashe's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sally Taylor by Kosciusko.

Jockey Club Purses.

Wednesday, Feb. 21—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Thursday, Feb. 22—Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Friday, Feb. 23—Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Saturday, Feb. 24—Handicap Race, amount of gate money, usually from 6 to $700, Three mile heats.
Monday, Feb. 26—The Race for the *Tattersall Whip*, to be run for only by horses the property of members of the South Carolina Jockey Club.

The conditions of this race are—"Entrance $20; Four miles out; weight according to regular rules; whenever challenged after the first year to be run for, added to a Sweepstakes of $20 each."

The following Rule is published for the information of owners of horses:

"Horses shall be entered before 9 o'clock, with the Stewards, by *sealed entries*, on the evening previous to the race for which they are to contend."

☞ No post entrance allowed. d23t JOHN B. IRVING, *Sec'y*.

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 24th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of Brunswick and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.	
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.	
F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie,	3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna,	2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1
C. by Imp. Fylde out of Polly Peacham,	1
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	8 months
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	8
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna,	8

Terms, 12 months. [d23-3t] Petersburg, Dec. 18, 1837.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. L. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [317] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:6.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Trustee colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected.

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 541, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SWEEPSTAKES—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, h. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bothe names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, h. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838. Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bothe names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

HAMPTON RACES.

THE Races over the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., will commence on the first Tuesday in February, 1838, and continue during the week.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., declaration $100, Two mile heats. Closed with six subs.

M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
John Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sally Taylor.
E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway.
Wm. McCargo names b. c. Steel, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks.

Second Day—Two mile heats.
Third Day—Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Four mile heats. Free for all.
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The proprietors, after a vast deal of expense and labor, have at length fitted up this course, and it is admitted by visitors to be equal, if not superior, to any in the United States, in point of its fixtures, its locality, and its superiority of soil as a training track. The owners of horses, trainers and riders, say from forty to fifty, can be accommodated with the utmost convenience and comfort.

Twelve or fifteen gentlemen, wishing *measureably* retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, can be furnished with excellent rooms.

Their stables are not inferior to any in America: they can stable from forty to fifty race horses.

☞ A number of fine horses will attend, and great sport is anticipated.
F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor*.
[d3]

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Cecil John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $700. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiasco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time.—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576.) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Beau's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull. Whitaker, the twin getter calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna. Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows.—Price $1200. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered. [d9-3t]

Chillicothe, November, 1837.

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animal's condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [Ar26]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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Spirit of the ... NEW-YOR[K]

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We congratulate our Arkansas friend on his acquisition of stock. We shall be happy to insert a list of it, with pedigrees in detail, and, as we always do, free of expense. When our new volume appears (which will startle folks somewhat), we will forward the prospectus, and accept with pleasure the kind offer of service.

To Mr. R. we would say that we have given the order for the plays, and hope they will soon be ready. They shall be forwarded as soon as possible.

Things Theatrical.

THE THEATRES.—The last has been an unpropitious week for our various theatres, and the houses generally have been shy. The *Star* complains that managers do not give us sufficient variety,—we think the Star right this time. An entire department in the drama has been inadequately represented thus far in the current season;—we allude to comedy. We have had no Jack Reeve, no Tyrone Power, among us lately; and one misses also the dashing and versatile Balls, of whom, by the way, and of whose reception at home, we hear the most favorable accounts. But we have neither time nor space to speak of what we lack. Let us name what we have had the last week, and what is to come the next. Mr. Forrest concludes his engagement with Coriolanus and Metamora, this (Friday) evening, and during the week he has been going through his line of favorite characters. We were on hand to witness his Coriolanus on Wednesday, but owing to the illness of a member of the company, it was "no go,"—something was substituted, and we adjourned to Mr. Russell's concert. We were unable to see the Coriolanus on Thursday, but promise ourselves the pleasure this evening.

Mrs. Shaw has been supporting Forrest through the week,—but we are to see her on Saturday evening in the Love-Chase, when, instead of supporting others, she must sustain the whole weight of the piece. Play-goers are on tip-toe to see her in *Constance*, but who personates "The Pleasant Widow Green?"

Next week the queen of song resumes her sway;—we are to have Madame Caradori Allen with us again, and, this time, supported by Brough. Could one additional aid be rendered her by a like substitution, we should be satisfied, whatever querulous, carping critics might say.

Miss Tree has been nightly attracting crowded houses at Charleston. She opened in the character of Julia, in the Hunchback, and followed up with *Letitia Hardy*, *Marianna*, and *Violante*. The audience to which this lady is now playing is quick in its appreciation of merit of the highest order, and doubtless her's has secured for her an abundant harvest. An engagement to play in New Orleans early in the present month, will necessarily render her stay in Charleston rather of the shortest; we hear, however, that she will pay it a second visit on her return to the North. Mr. Abbott is much, and deservedly, lauded for the management of the theatre now under his auspices. He has made very successful efforts to promote the respectability and quiet of the house, by abolishing the sale of ardent spirits within its walls, which was always felt to be a fertile source of noise and confusion. This reform he has carried into effect at a great personal sacrifice, as the *bars* were known to swell the receipts to the amount of several thousand dollars annually. His conduct in this and other respects has received the seal of public approbation.

Mrs. Bailey is at St. Louis, where her sweet face and charming voice have made an impression that will not be very readily effaced. The critics appear to be half demented with her charms, vocal and personal, employing the most poetical prose we have read for some time to celebrate the same. He of the *Bulletin* delivers himself after this fashion:—"Mrs Bailey's voice flows as if it had wandered amid the sweets of a thousand flowers, and is as unaffected as the melody of a nightingale." This gentleman, however, it must be confessed, is rather excursive in his admiration of the sex, for of another lady's verses he writes,—"There breathes through them a sadness touching as the night wind of autumn, gliding hurriedly among harp strings." Seriously, we are always most happy to chronicle this lady's success, and shall welcome her return to our boards with feelings of unmingled pleasure.

Miss Clifton has been performing at Richmond lately with her usual success; in fact, Miss C.'s provincial tour may be described as one entire series of triumphs. She was to leave Richmond on the 5th inst. for Petersburgh. We commend her heartily to our Virginia friends.

Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Barrett, are, as we think we announced last week, performing at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. The following notice of them appeared in the True American of Dec. 23:—

Much Ado about Nothing was performed on Tuesday night at the St. Charles Mr. G. H. Barrett made his appearance as Benedict, which character he sustained in his usual happy manner; while Mrs. Sharpe's Beatrice was such as to impress every beholder with a favorable opinion of her merits as an actress, and displayed so much taste and judgment in her conception of character and correct reading as justly entitles her to the high place she occupies in the histrionic profession. The scene between Benedict and Beatrice, in which she urges him to kill Claudio, could not be excelled. Her grief for her injured cousin, and hate to her wronger; her sarcastic speeches to Benedict, who refused to undertake the fulfilling of her wishes; her joy when he promised to comply—the hesitation of Benedict between love for Beatrice and affection for his friend, embodied with life and animation the dreams of the mighty poet.

Sheridan Knowles' successful comedy of the *Love Chase* has been brought out at the Walnut-st. theatre, Philadelphia, with the following cast of characters: Sir William Wildlove, Mr. Porter; Master Wildrake, Mr. Wemyss; Master Waller, Mr. Bannister; Widow Green, Mrs Bannister; Constance, Mrs. Proctor; Lydia, Mrs. Rice.—Mr. Brough has been giving concerts in Philadelphia during the past week.

The farewell concert of Madame Caradori Allan, at Boston, was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of the place. The following paragraph relative to this charming vocalist appeared in one of the journals of the 6th:—

At the close of the Concert on Wednesday evening last, an original Italian poem, written by Signor Alessandro, and elegantly bound with silk, with Petrarch's motto—"*E come dolce canta, e dolce ride*," stamped upon the cover, accompanied with a garland of flowers, was presented to Madame Allan by Mr. Bachi, in the name of the Italians resident in this city. This compliment, unexpected as it was, is highly creditable to her countrymen, and was received by Madame Allan with every demonstration of gratitude and respect.

Tom and Jerry has been revived at the Tremont, where Finn's conundrums pass as current, and ray-ther more so, than shinplasters. The "Athens of America" appears to retain a strong relish for this gentleman's "attic salt."

Mrs. Maeder (Clara Fisher) is at the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans, and is, as she deserves to be, a distinguished favorite with the audience. A Miss Louisa Johnson, too, (formerly of this city,) who made her first appearance there "unheralded by fame," as a danseuse, appears to have created a very favorable impression, more from her personal charms even than her professional endowments, though both are spoken of in terms of commendation.

The Love-Chase.—Messrs. Turner & Fisher have re-published this last dramatic effort of Sheridan Knowles. We have read but a portion, but hope soon to be better able to pronounce upon it from seeing it on the boards of "Old Drury," powerfully cast. It has had an immense run in London, and, we believe, in the English provincial theatres.